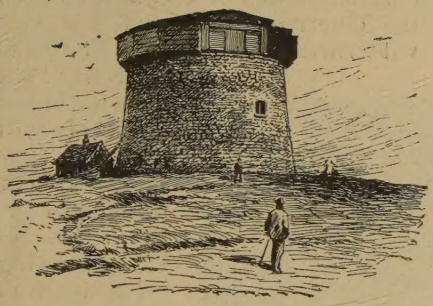
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.



MARTELLO TOWER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

MANY unpleasant things are said of Fundy's temper, but in its summer moods it gives them all the lie, whatever its actions may be in other seasons when the elements combine with the tides to try men's souls. A more charming sail than from St. John to Annapolis could scarce be imagined; in miles it is sixty, in time four and one-half hours.

The last object visible as we recede from the New Brunswick side of the bay is the picturesque old Martello tower, on the heights of Carleton, shown in our initial cut. The Acadian shore first reveals itself in little purplish mounds that rest like cloudlets along the dim horizon, then a long line of cliff-bound shores melting away into nothingness at either end, finally as a great mountain wall, into whose sides a narrow portal opens, and towards which our good steamer steadily ploughs. As we run between the rugged shores a scene of entirely unique loveliness opens out. This is the fair land and placid waters that greeted Champlain and De Monts, wooing them to its shores, and giving to the world those pages in history inscribed with the romantic annals of Port Royal.

At the foot of the basin little Digby sits in the sunshine and spreads its ruddy beach along the tide, surrounded by towering hills, except where they give place to fertile slopes. It is a quaint, homey town, old colonial houses here and there, a cluster of gray and mossy fishing huts nestling by the cove, and guns that never roar on the bluffs that face the pier. The Western Counties Railway leads to Yarmouth town along the beautiful bay of St. Mary's, and out again in view of Fundy.

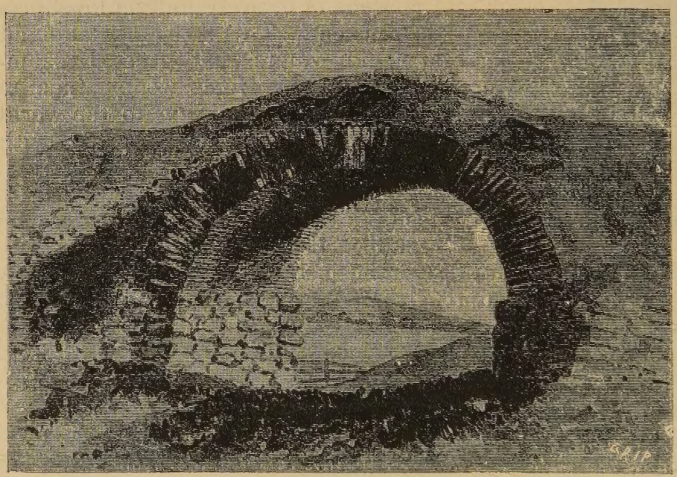
Continuing up the basin for about twenty miles we approach the storied old town and huge fortifications of the Port Royal of y^{e} olden time, and the focal point around which clusters more history than any town in this Acadian valley into which we are entering.

Save St. Augustine, in Florida, it was the earliest permanent European settlement in the New World. Its

* We are indebted to the courtesy of E. A. Waldron, of the International Steamship Company, for the use of the cuts which accompany this article, and for much of the descriptive text to H. D. Young, the accomplished artist, by whom they are drawn.

early history reads like a romance. It was first colonized by Baron Poutrincourt, in 1605. In 1628 it was captured by the British, afterwards surrendered to the French, again captured by Sir William Phips, and again surrendered. It was captured for the last time by the British in 1710, and ever since the Red Cross flag has waved above the noble harbour, then named, in honour of the reigning sovereign, Annapolis.

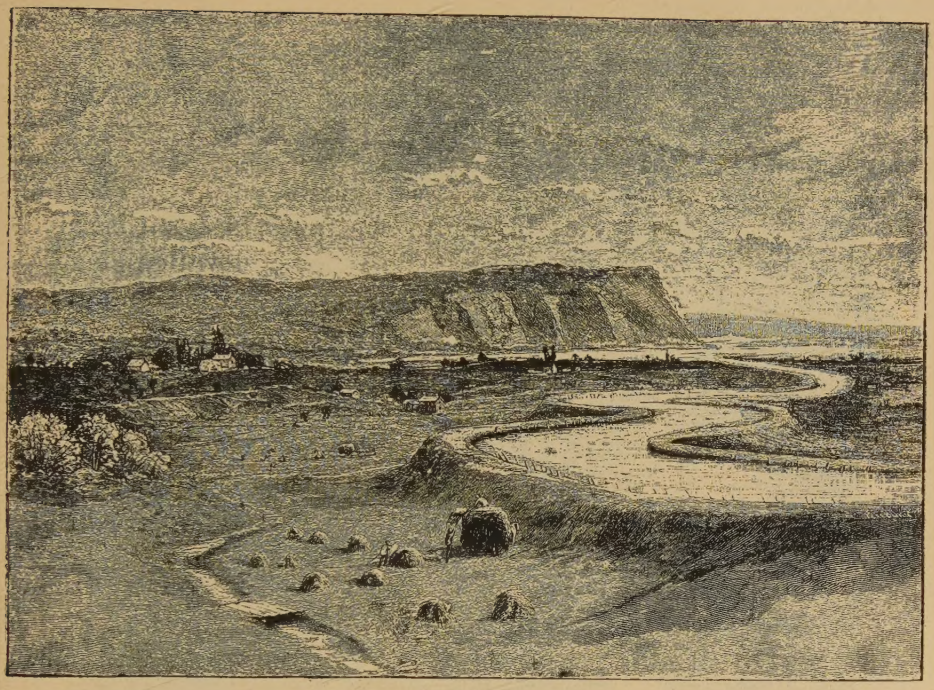
The point of central interest, in the ancient and historic town of Annapolis, to which the tourist first makes his way, is the old dismantled



ANCIENT ARCHWAY IN OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS.

fort. It is at the very water's edge and covers with its ramparts and outworks an area of twenty-eight acres. The extensive earthworks—ramparts and curtains, bastions and demilunes—are softly rounded by the gentle ministries of nature, and are covered with turf of softest texture and greenish hue. An inner fort, entered by an arched stone gateway, contains an ample parade ground.

The view from the north-west bastion is very beautiful, including the far-shining Annapolis basin amid its environment of forest-clad hills, and the twin villages of Annapolis and Granville Ferry. In the distance to the left is seen a long, low, rambling farm-house, nearly two hundred years old, the only one now remaining of the old French settlement. In looking upon the pleasant scene, one could not help thinking of the time, well-nigh three hundred years ago, when De Monts and his sturdy band of French pioneers first sailed upon the lonely waters of that placid bay and planted their little fort, the only habitation of civilized men, on the outermost fringe of the vast wilderness stretching from Florida to the North Pole. Then came memories of the poet pioneer, Lescarbot, fresh from the gay *salons* of Paris, cheering the solitude of the long and dreary winters with his classic masques and pageants, and organizing "*L'Ordre de Bon Temps*" for festivity and good fellowship, holding their daily banquets with their ancient feudal state around their blazing fires. It was a strange picture, especially in view of the subsequent suffering, disappointment and wrong which visited the hapless colony. For Port Royal was the grave of many hopes, and its early history was a perfect Iliad of disaster. Strange that when there were only two or three scattered groups of Spanish, French and English settlers on the whole continent, each of which could scarce hold the ground which it possessed, they could not desist from attacking each other's settlements. In those early raids



DIKED MEADOWS AT GRAND PRE.

were begun those long and bloody wars which afterwards devasted the whole continent.

Turning into the quiet God's acre where "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep," one may read this touching avowal of faith—"which promise He for His part will most surely keep and perform." Another stone bears this inscription, *verbatim et literatim:*

"Stay friend stay nor let thy hart prophane
The humble Stone that tells you life is vain.
Here lyes a youth in mouldering ruin lost
A blofsom nipt by Death's unkindly frost.
O then prepare to meet with him above
In realms of everlasting love."

My attention was called to the grave of "the Spanish lady"—Gregoria Remonia Antonia—who lives in local legend as a light-of-love companion of the Duke of Wellington. When the Iron Duke wished to sever the unblessed connection, says the legend, she was sent to Annapolis, under military protection, and gnawed her heart out in this solitude. The tree-shaded streets and the quaint, old-fashioned houses and gardens give the village a very sedate and reposeful look.

The following verses by James Hannay finely embody the stirring memories of Port Royal:

"Fair is Port Royal river in the Acadian land;
It flows through verdant meadows, wide-spread on either hand;
Through orchards and through cornfields it gaily holds its way,
And past the ancient ramparts, long fallen to decay.

"Yet this sweet vale has echoed to many a warlike note;
The strife-compelling bugle, the cannon's iron throat,
The wall-piece, and the musket have joined in chorus there,
To fill with horrid clangour the balmy morning air.

"And many a gallant war-fleet has, in the days gone by,

STREET IN GRAND PRE.

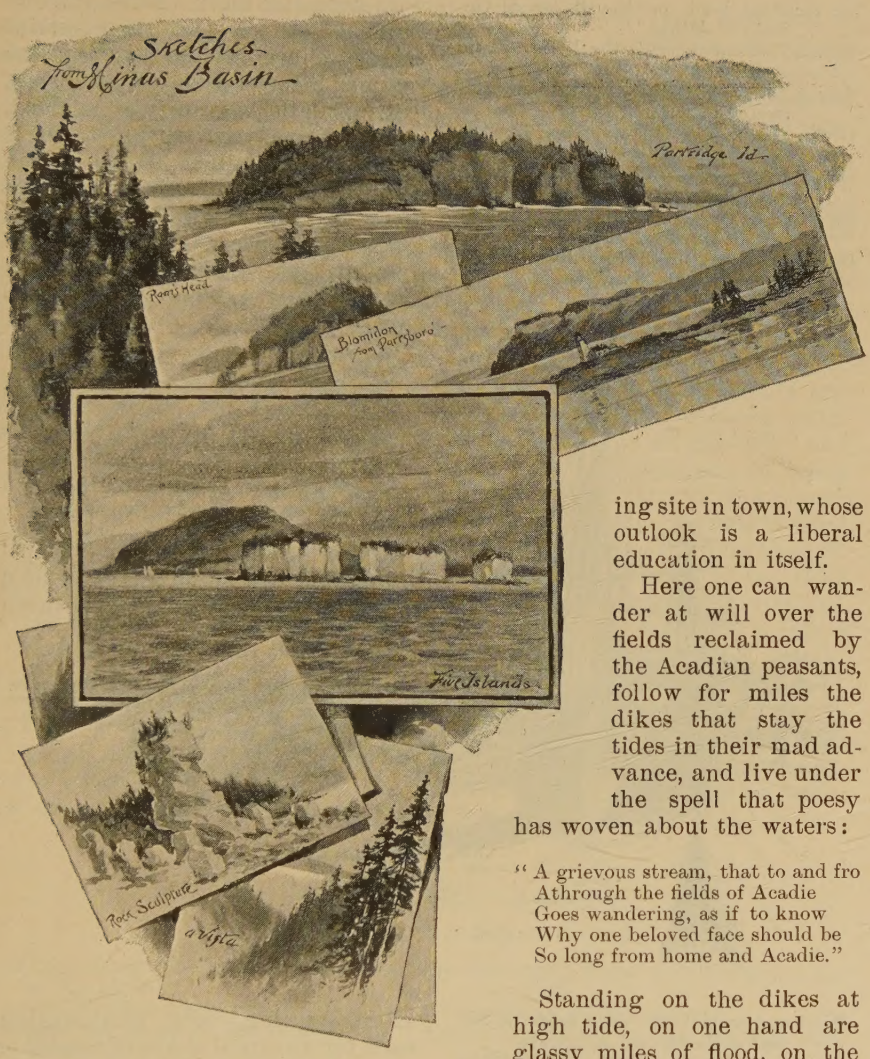
Lain in that noble basin, and flouted in the sky
A flag with haughty challenge to the now ruined hold,
Which reared its lofty ramparts in warlike days of old.

"And in the early springtime, when farmers plough their fields,
Full many a warlike weapon the peaceful furrow yields;
The balls of mighty cannon crop from the fruitful soil,
And many a rusted sword-blade, once red with martial toil.

"Here was the germ of Empire, the cradle of a state,
In future ages destined to stand among the great;
Then hail to old Port Royal! although her ramparts fall,
Canadian towns shall greet her the mother of them all."

From Annapolis to Windsor is the true Evangeline's land, "a land flowing with milk and honey"; in May a garden of apple-blossoms, in October an orchard of ripening fruit along the line for fifty miles. The beautiful marshes, bordered by solid masses of bronze-green foliage, and varying with the ever-changing cloud shadows from gold to purple, serve as a ground on which the tidal stream executes silvery patterns for miles, until lost in thread-like rivulets among the hills.

North Mountain always fills the background, its broad slopes covered with an *appliqué* of patches of woodland green and tawny fields, with now and then a bit of winding road



or gleaming farmhouse adding a touch of light.

The railway centre of the "Land of Evangeline," the beautiful valley of the Canard River, and old Blomidon's territory, convenient to the beautiful Gaspereaux Lakes, is Kentville.

More attractive, less commercial, pre-eminently scholastic, and nearer the Grand Pré fields is Wolfville. The handsome buildings of Acadia College and two or three preparatory schools occupy the most commanding site in town, whose outlook is a liberal education in itself.

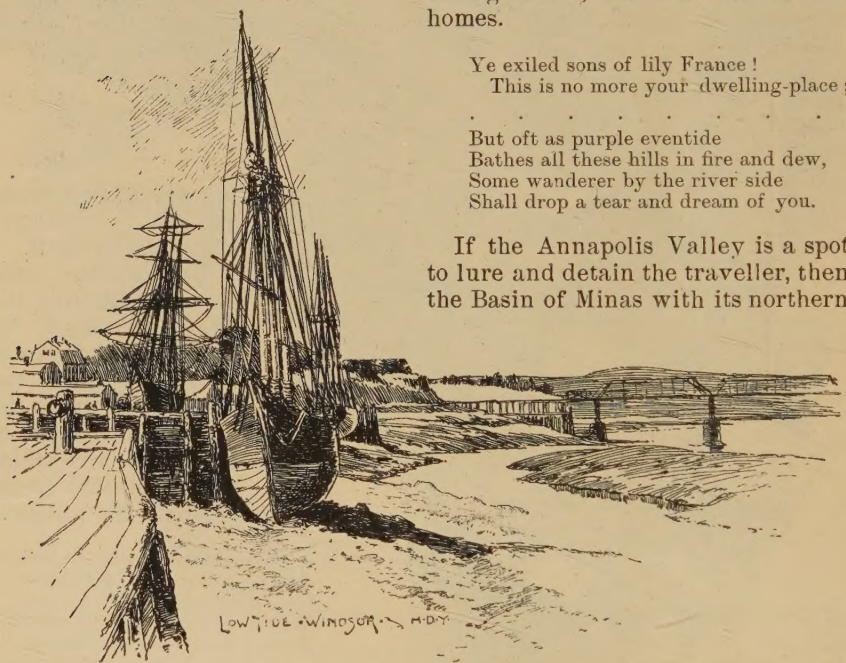
Here one can wander at will over the fields reclaimed by the Acadian peasants, follow for miles the dikes that stay the tides in their mad advance, and live under the spell that poesy has woven about the waters:

> "A grievous stream, that to and fro
> Athrough the fields of Acadie
> Goes wandering, as if to know
> Why one beloved face should be
> So long from home and Acadie."

Standing on the dikes at high tide, on one hand are glassy miles of flood, on the other rippling fields of ripening harvest, or contented herds which crop the rich sward,—a contrast unique and strange, whose strangeness lessens not after many visits.

Three miles away is the dreamy hamlet of Grand Pré, nestling among elms and apple-trees, keeping alive the name bestowed by those people whom history has proven not undeserving of their fate, but whose memories live in romance like dream faces, undyingly; best described in the poet's own lines:

"In Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré . . .
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretch to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.



West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."

Close by the railway are the indistinct remains of the ancient town, willows marking the line of the street, an old well, the village square; over the meadows at Barton landing is the shore whence sailed the exiled band. Passing through the village, with here and there a home built by Puritan settlers, and their quaint colonial church, one soon reaches the summer home of Judge Weatherbee, "St. Eulalie," gracefully named, where Gaspereaux River again is seen, and indistinct traces of the highway of the Acadians, winding down to the vale "amid its yellowing sea of flowers," with a few old gnarled apple-trees preserved by loving hands, remnants of broken homes.

Ye exiled sons of lily France!
This is no more your dwelling-place;
. . . . . .
But oft as purple eventide
Bathes all these hills in fire and dew,
Some wanderer by the river side
Shall drop a tear and dream of you.

If the Annapolis Valley is a spot to lure and detain the traveller, then the Basin of Minas with its northern shore, striking, bold, exhilarating, calls for an equal share of attention. Accessible by the steamer leaving Hantsport, or the Evangeline Navigation Company's line from Kingsport to Parrsboro', the finest and most awe-inspiring views of Blomidon from all sides are obtained. The latter company's steamer runs out under the cape, and around it into full view of the entire basin. Across the bay are the noble Cobequid Mountains; at their feet the glowing reddish and white masses of the Five Islands, and great cliffs of Frazer's Head, most interesting to artists.

When midway of the basin, Blomidon discloses all the columns of its basaltic formation, clothed, as befits a kingly form, in purple hues; adjoining it is still another gigantic freak of nature, Cape Split, a detached column of rock like a monument to some fallen aboriginal warrior, defying all time and elements. Between it and Cape Sharp, less than three miles away, the savage currents of incoming and outgoing tides snarl and roar. Everything here is on a magnificent scale. Little wonder that it should have been the home of Gluskâp, the Acadian Hiawatha, and the scene of many of his wondrous feats!

Leaving Grand Pré, or Wolfville, the enjoyable route leads through the busy little ship-building town of Hantsport, where one may see oftentimes a score of vessels reclining at various angles on the muddy banks, or floating well up to the level of the marshes, as the tide may determine, crosses the broad waters of the Avon and stops at one of the most interesting and beautiful towns in Nova Scotia, Windsor.

Of course the guide-book tells you that "Sam Slick," lived here, and on the hill near the station stand the block house, magazine, and barracks of Fort Edward, with Annapolis' ruins the possession of the Crown; that King's College, oldest of England's colonial universities, is here, dating from 1790, and that it was one of the oldest and largest of the Acadian settlements; but it cannot convey to you the subtle charm of the landscape, attaining its fullest expression as seen from the college.

One's first impression of Windsor may not be pleasing, as the old portion near the river is more picturesque than tidy; its post-office and court house are promises of better things to come. It will be a matter of surprise to learn that this is third among ship-owning towns in Canada. The most novel effects of the tides are again seen here. Warner remarked that he "never knew before how much water adds to a river!" It may not be amiss to mention that one of Canada's first poets, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, has his home here in these magnificent surroundings, occupying the chair of English literature in King's College.

THE COMFORTING CHRIST.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

O, the Comforting Christ and the wealth of
of His grace!
I marvel His love is so broad!
Nor angels the bound of His bounties can
trace,—
'Tis wide as the fulness of God.
I dream of the glory; I think of the life,
My heart feels the thrill of His "come!"
Though toss'd in the turbulent tumult and
strife,
I know He will shelter me home.

The Comforting Christ hath the light that
I need:
Though shadows encompass the way,
I dread not the darkness; His Word is my
creed;
He never will answer me nay;
His Spirit, in me, is a lamp to my path,
Reflecting the light of His throne;
I fear not His frown and I dread not His
wrath,
For I am beloved, and His own.

The Comforting Christ hath the power for
my soul,
Omnipotent, perfect and free;
And strange though it seem, He hath said
its control
Is vested (a sinner!) in me.
The discords of sin-confused matter shall
cease,
Time's vibrant unharmonies end,
He speaketh, and lo! at His word there is
peace,
This Christ is my Brother and Friend.

The fruits of the Spirit, untrammelled by law,
He sendeth, all free, from above;
The gifts that I need His Omniscience foresaw:
Faith, gentleness, goodness and love;
Nor sorrow, nor crying, nor death, nor despair
Shall sunder my soul from her tryst;
I know I shall meet Him. my Lord, in the air,
And abide with the Comforting Christ.

"THE ELMS," TORONTO.

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GREEK PEASANT WOMAN IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

ADVENTURES IN GREECE.

BY ZELLA CARMAN.

II.

THE visitor who makes even a short stay in Athens cannot fail to be impressed by the strongly-developed national spirit, wonderful to see in a country that remained for so many centuries under foreign domination. The advance in this direction has been very marked in the last quarter of a century. A desire has arisen to revive the classic language, and even the ancient customs, especially in legal procedure.

Athens is once more becoming noted for its schools, the impetus in that direction, together with very substantial aid, having been given by foreigners interested in the present city for the sake of its past. It is even said now that they are in danger of being too much educated; that is, that too many young men enter the learned professions, but the law of supply and demand will remedy that evil. The manifest destiny of Greece is horticulture; as it should be of all those favoured climes where the vine, orange and olive flourish; leaving manufactures for the lands of the north where life in the open air is not so agreeable.

The railway journey from Athens to Patras is altogether delightful, especially after Eleusis is reached; from that place to Corinth the road follows every bend in the shore of the Saronic Gulf. In places the mountains rise abruptly from the edge of the sea, and the railway

MARS' HILL, ATHENS.

AN OLD ATHENIAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

track is a mere shelf cut in the face of the cliff and so narrow that one could look out of the car window straight down into the blue water; then down along the winding shore, with views of rich green valleys and white villages half hidden amid dense foliage, and always, far or near, the glorious background of the mountains, and on the other side the wide, sparkling blue sea.

As we crossed the narrow isthmus of Corinth, only three miles in length, we went over the famous canal, so greatly needed and so long projected. It was empty yet, and from our elevation of nearly two hundred feet above it looked like a ditch, though it is really one hundred feet wide.

And now the water had changed sides, the Gulf of Corinth lay on our right hand, and we could look across its blue surface and tantalize ourselves with the reflection that Helicon and Delphi were there, and that one of these snow-capped mountain-peaks was Parnassus.

The richly-watered country between Corinth and Patras is almost a continuous vineyard, where the small seedless grape, known as the "dried currant," is grown. The name as well as the fruit, belongs to Corinth; we have only corrupted and borrowed it. Not knowing this I spent some hours that day looking for currant bushes, and seeing everywhere nothing but dwarf grape vines, I reluctantly concluded that Baedeker had made a mistake, until the guard set me right, with a kindly tolerance of my ignorance that I appreciated.

As the Gulf of Corinth narrows towards the western end its scenery is not surpassed by any of the Italian lakes; in the dying light of the sunset it was beautiful as a dream.

We reached Patras after night and left it early next morning for Olympia. The railway had only been completed a few months and afforded but one though train each day, yet that is something to be thankful for. Before its completion it was only possible to visit Olympia at the expense of a good deal of time and trouble; now it is a charming ride of only five hours. The road follows the west coast, with the sea nearly always in sight, until at Pyrgos it turns to the south-east, and winds amongst the hills, gradually descending to the plain of the river Alpheios.

In spite of the near neighbourhood of the busy modern town of Pyrgos, in spite even of railway and telegraph, Olympia belongs entirely to the past, and, once yielded to its magic influence, one forgets, not

ALBANIAN PEASANT AS HE APPEARS IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS.

GREEK BRIGAND.

only the nineteenth century, but nineteen centuries. Even the porter who opened the car door answered to the name of Epaminondas, with a prolonged accent on the last syllable.

Olympia was never even a town, as we use the word, much less a city, but a sanctuary of the highest repute, and the games celebrated here every fifth year in honour of the Olympian Jove were deemed so important that after 776 B.C., for more than a thousand years time was reckoned by their occurrence. In the olive branch of victory the young Greek won not only the highest fame for himself, but he won honour for his family, his tribe, even for his city, and this claim to distinction was everywhere recognized.

The knowledge of these facts

GREEK PEASANT GIRL.

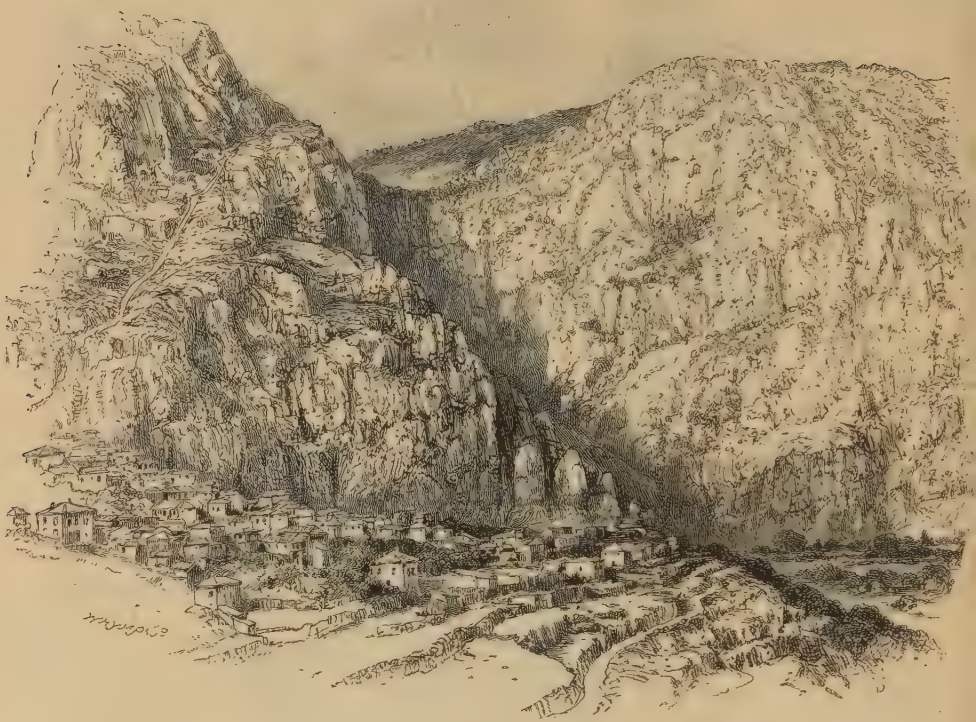
makes it reasonable to suppose that a people as skilled in the arts as were the Greeks would employ them in beautifying so sacred a shrine. So it came to pass that a small enclosure in this secluded valley contains such wonderful art treasures and a group of buildings almost without parallel if we consider their number and excellence.

But disappointment awaits the visitor who fails to remember the great destruction that has taken place. The excavations at Olympia have added much to the world's store of knowledge, especially in architecture and history, and they have been the means of recovering one priceless statue, but they have not restored the shattered temples. There is little, therefore, to challenge instant admiration, except the beauty of the situation. Our first step was to climb the Kronos, or Hill of Saturn, north of the ruins. It was a rough and unpleasant ascent, but in no other way is it possible to get anything like a clear idea of the shape and relative position of the ancient buildings and courses.

By the aid of a correct map they can nearly all be clearly and satisfactorily traced. There can be no better evidence of the careful thoroughness with which the excavations were made. The Altis, or Sacred Grove, was enclosed by walls of Poros stone; the west one is still nearly three feet high. In this inclosure Hercules himself had planted the sacred olives whose branches had constituted the prizes for which the contestants strove. In the centre of the Altis rose the beautiful temple of Zeus, which contained the famous statue of the god, in ivory and gold, which, except on festal occasions, was always kept curtained from common eyes. This colossal work, together with a similar statue of Minerva in the Parthenon, raised the fame of Phidias to extravagant heights amongst his contemporaries.

The foundation that remains clearly marks the site of the temple, and many of its columns lie beside it where they were thrown by an earthquake in the sixth century. From the height of Kronos it is not difficult to distinguish the

GREEK PEASANT IN WINTER GARB.



DELPHI AS IT IS TO-DAY.*

bases of the other buildings, with here and there a portion of wall or row of columns, and the pedestals of many of the statues. There must have been a forest of these, for each victor was allowed to erect one in his own honour, and if he won a triple triumph it might bear

*DELPHI.—The famous shrine of Delphi lay outside of the *route* of our accomplished tourist, Mrs. Carman. We therefore, give a brief description of the accompaning engraving. Delphi derived its importance from the oracle of Apollo, the most noted in the ancient world. It was situated in a narrow valley, on the river Plistus, at the foot of Mount Parnassus. The oracle was the nucleus around which the town grew up. At the period of the Homeric poems a magnificent temple already stood there. In 548 B.C. the temple was burned, and money was at once subscribed throughout Greece to rebuild.

In spite of the immense wealth accumulated in Delphi, from gifts and votive offerings pouring in constantly from all parts of Greece, and even from other countries, the sacred character of the place protected it from plunderers for centuries. The temple was at length plundered by Sulla, and again by Nero, who silenced the oracle. Hadrian restored it, and in his reign Delphi enjoyed the greatest prosperity, its temple being again enriched with their former magnificence. The oracle continued to flourish till Theodosius finally abolished it.

The ancient city of Delphi was built in the form of an amphitheatre on the southwest side of Mount Parnassus, and extended into the valley across the Plistus. The temple and buildings connected with the worship of Apollo were set apart within a sacred enclosure. Within the temple and over a deep chasm from which issued a peculiar mephitic vapour, stood a tripod, upon which sat the Pythia, or Priestess of the Oracle, when she delivered its revelations. Preparing herself by chewing the leaves of the laurel, she was placed upon the tripod, where, inspired by the god, as was believed, and probably

his features. The mounds which enclosed the Stadion—the foot-race course—are plainly traceable, and its arched entrance is fairly preserved. This foot-race was the first and most important of the Olympian games—wrestling, leaping, boxing, chariot and even horse-races were added by degrees, and the necessary preparation for them caused the erection of buildings outside the sacred enclosure.

The misfortunes of war and earthquake began the destruction, which was completed by landslides from the Kronos, and by successive inundations of the river Kladeos, which finally resulted in the burial of Olympia under a covering of from fifteen to twenty feet of clay and sand. The exhumation of this historic sanctuary is due to the enterprise of German scientists, and the commendable liberality of the German government; the terms of the treaty under which the work was begun, in 1874, being creditable to both Germany and Greece. Germany was to have the first benefit of the scientific results, Greece was to retain the objects discovered. That Greece reaped the greatest benefit is partly due to the discovery of the statue of Hermes by Praxitiles. It was found embedded in clay in the Heraeon, the oldest of the Olympian temples, in the northwest corner of the Altis.

Having got the clearest general idea that we could of the ruins we came down amongst them and wished that we might have weeks to spend among its surroundings, for the most ordinary tourist might long to become an archæologist in Olympia.

GREEK ALTAR.

The statue of Hermes is most advantageously placed in the handsome new museum near the railway station, and its presence here is likely to prove a greater magnet than historic interest, or historic

affected by the vapour from the chasm, she fell into a violent convulsive ecstasy, uttering groans and confused sounds, with disconnected words. These were noted by the priests, and rendered into metrical forms as revelations from Apollo. In the earliest times the Pythia was a young girl: afterward only women over fifty were selected for the office.

Outside the enclosure, opposite the eastern gate, was the Castalian Fountain, in which all who visited Delphi for a religious purpose were obliged to purify themselves. Naught now remains of the ancient Delphi save the storied fount of Castaly, the towering cliffs, the lovely and romantic looking valley and its undying memories.

PEASANT WOMAN.

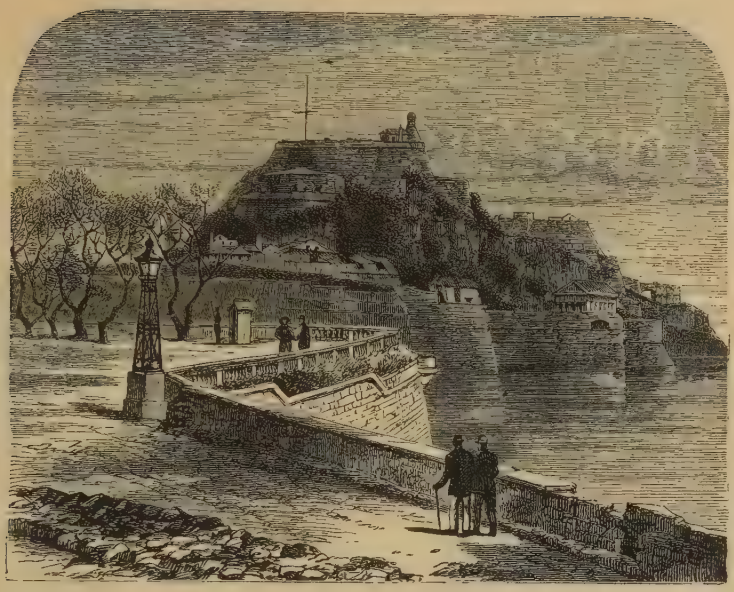
ruins. Professor Kekulé speaks of it as, "an original work of Praxitiles, which has, in the most unexpected manner, enlarged our conception of his art, of ancient art, and, perhaps it is not too much to add, of art in general." He goes on to place it in the same rank with the Parthenon sculptures, and the winged Victory of Samothrace, the high-water mark of ancient art. It represents an adult figure, the very perfection of manly grace and vigour, holding an infant (Dionysos) on one arm; the head is slightly bent towards the child, the expression of the face sweet and gentle, yet full of reserve and dignity. The left arm, supporting the child, rests against the stump of a tree over which a mantle is thrown, and in the simple folds of the drapery, and the vigorous life and expression of the figure, is something that modern artists cannot reproduce—"The last word has been said in sculpture."

It was night when we reached Patras again, and learned that the Italian steamer was lying outside awaiting her passengers. "Outside" seemed a sufficiently vague term, and there was no vestige of vessel or lights to be seen from the pier. They rowed us far out into the darkness, over a sea so smooth that the stars it reflected scarcely trembled on its bosom; out into silence broken only by the soft plash of the oars, or a sudden word of command from some unseen vessel; then a dark hulk loomed up through the mist, and we were "outside."

So we went up the Ionian Sea in the night. At ten o'clock next morning we were surprised to see preparations for breakfast (the second breakfast) being made on deck instead of in the saloon. The reason appeared when a purple shadow on the horizon began to take definite shape, showing the picturesque outline of a beautiful island which, as we came nearer, seemed a veritable Garden of Eden. Passing a projecting point, with a curious, ancient-looking, round gray tower, we saw a quaint old town with white houses rising, in a semicircle, steeply from the sea, at the end of which another point bore a second old tower, the counterpart of the first. This was the town of Corfu in the island of Corfu, or Kerkyra, in its native tongue; the gem of the Ionian Sea—the loveliest of the Greek islands. For it is a Greek island now, England having given it up in 1863.

A GREEK FARMER OR SHEPHERD.

We had the good fortune to get a very intelligent, middle-aged, Greek as guide; he spoke English well and talked constantly. On being asked if he were glad that



CITADEL, CORFU.

Corfu now belonged to Greece, he sighed. "Well," after a pause, "money is scarcer and taxes are higher." Hard test of patriotism.

It was Sunday and election day (the polls are held in the churches), the streets were full of men marching in small bands, singing, election songs probably, and evidently enjoying the occasion.

Our guide took us to a pretty park called the Esplanade, pointing out the Royal Palace at one end of it, "built by English for Lord High Commissioner," and an obelisk and a little temple, also "built by English," in memory of former commissioners. But our interest in these things was feeble compared to our desire to investigate the "Fortezza Vecchia"—though how the "Old Fort" comes by an Italian name I cannot say. To reach it we crossed a deep, dry moat, and passing the arched gate of the barracks found ourselves in a place as unlike a fortress as possible, in spite of the soldiers and the gray-walled castle. It was overrun with flowers; the walls were hidden under such masses of roses, fuschias and wistarias that an enemy could scarcely have found them.

The view of the island from the ramparts was so charming and the white road wound so temptingly amongst the olive orchards that we decided that there was time for a short drive. About a mile from the town our guide pointed out the King's summer villa, "Mon Repos," a simple white house half hidden in trees—the haven of rest toward which the late Czar turned his thoughts—too late.

We were obliged to turn back all too soon, but not until we had seen with our own eyes that Corfu, indeed, grows the largest olive trees in the world, and forests of them. Back through the streets, where the men still marched and sang and shouted, but all in perfect order—back through the gay little market-place, where peasant women made picturesque groups in their quaint costumes, as they laughed and chattered amongst the piles of bright fruit. And so, back to the boat, and, alas! farewell to Greece.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NATIVE TYPES—LAND TENURE—AGRICULTURE.

NATIVE TYPES IN MODERN PALESTINE.

It has often been said that the Holy Land is the best commentary on the Holy Book—that the country itself is a sort of Fifth Gospel, interpreting and explaining the other four. The first walk or ride through Palestine is a revelation of conditions and environment little changed since the days of the patriarchs. A thousand side lights are thrown upon biblical language and allusions from the every-day manners and customs of the people.

Our own journey through the lands of the Orient was like turning the pages of a great illuminated Bible. Over and over again we saw groups that would have answered for models of Abraham, of Joseph and his brethren, of Rebecca at the well, of Ruth gleaning amid the fields, of Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus, of the shepherd guiding his flock and carrying the lambs in his bosom, or of the peasant "watering with his foot." Hundreds of other familiar themes and scenes of the Old or New Testament were all reproduced before the eye.

We purpose in this series of articles to describe and illustrate, as far as possible, some of these striking interpretations and expositions of the Word of God.

We begin with a reference to the people of the land. Society in Palestine has gone through three stages of evolution: first the pastoral stage of the patriarchs; next the agricultural stage, following the permanent settlement of the Israelites in Palestine; to this was added, in

the times of Solomon, a very considerable commercial development. Of the latter there now is very little in the country, and that chiefly in the hands of foreign merchants. The pastoral and agricultural are largely blended, or are differentiated only by the adaptation of the local environment.

The present inhabitants of Palestine are a strangely mixed people, made up of the original stock of the country and of the many successive races by whom it was invaded. It seems strange that the old Canaanitish race, descendants of those whom the conquering Israelites, under Joshua, failed to drive out, should still to so large a degree possess the land. But such is the conclusion reached by the best authorities on the subject. Although no regular census of the country is taken by the Turkish Government, Dr. Soccim estimates the population at 650,000 souls—only one-tenth the number the country would maintain. Of these, according to the estimate of Dr. Selah Merrill, late United States Consul at Jerusalem, only 42,000 are Jews. These dwell chiefly at the sacred places: Jerusalem, Hebron, Nablous, and Tiberias, and in certain agricultural colonies, planted by those philanthropic and wealthy Hebrews, Baron Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore.

During the last decade a considerable increase has taken place, especially at Jerusalem. When we think of the many invasions the country has undergone by Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Seljukian and Ottoman Turks, Crusaders and other, it is no marvel that the population is of a mixed character.

Our cut, page 110, shows different types of the many races in Palestine. The centre figure, with the huge curved cimeter and arsenal of weapons in his girdle, is a civil officer, it may be cowass of a consulate, or dragoman, who is often gotten up in very gorgeous style. The patriarchal figure beside him wears a peasant garb. To the right is a native musician, playing his monotonous, two-stringed violin. In the foreground is the *nargileh* or hubble-bubble pipe. In the background is a bishop of the Greek Church, or Armenian Church, with his crozier, and to the left veiled figures of the women of the Orient.

BEDOUIN ARAB.

Of our two smaller cuts, one is a type of the keen-eyed Bedouin of the desert, one the avaricious face of the Turkish type. Of the common type of the poor Jews of the land we shall have many examples in cuts to follow in other papers.

But through all the battles and sieges, the marshalling of hosts and the trampling of armies, the great features of nature are unchanged. The golden sunshine falls, the sapphire seas expand, the wheat and barley green and golden on the plains, the vine and fig, the olive, citron and orange ripen their luscious fruit. Probably no other country in the world of the same extent has so great a variety of climate; from the perpetual snow of Mount Hermon to

TURKISH TYPE.

the sultry shores of the Dead Sea, where we encounter a tropical heat and a tropical vegetation. Yet the curse of Turkish oppression has for so many years brooded like a malign spell upon the land that many portions, which under proper cultivation, would bloom as the garden of the Lord, are condemned to comparative sterility. The lack of security in the possession of the land and of its products, and the oppressive burdens of taxation, have rendered barren many a spot once fragrant as a field which the Lord hath blessed.

In riding through the country its aspect strikes one as strangely silent and desolate. Even in its cultivated regions, instead of thriving villages and homesteads, barns and outbuildings, which we see in Canada, very often for miles not a house will be seen, not a fence nor visible boundary of the fields—only one broad, brown surface, where a few lonely peasants barely scratch the ground with their primitive ploughs and tiny ox-teams. A few weeks later, the brown surface changes to emerald green of brightest verdure, and later still, in isolated patches, we catch the gleam of the golden wheat or barley harvest waving in the breeze.

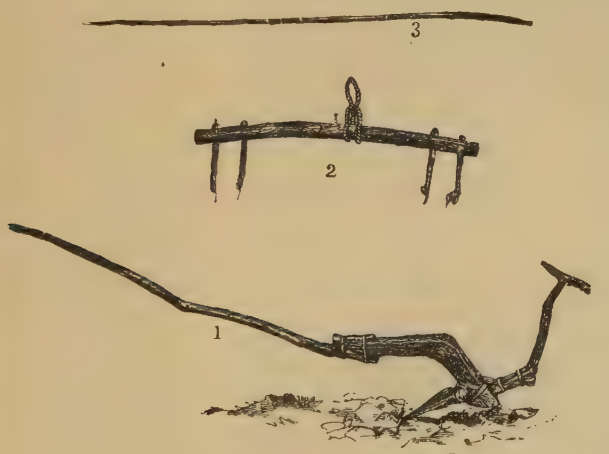
From time immemorial, for mutual protection against the wandering Arab and, perhaps, also for other social reasons, the people have dwelt in villages of from four hundred to, say, one thousand inhabitants. The houses, chiefly low, flat-roofed, one-roomed structures of sun-dried brick, are closely clustered on either side of narrow, and often labyrinthine alleys with, perhaps, a whitewashed mosque, or little bazaar.

Often will be seen the peasants, carrying their light and odd-looking wooden ploughs on their shoulders a mile or more into the field, their bags of seed-grain by their side, thus throwing new light upon the passage, "Behold, a sower went *forth* to sow." Near the villages may be seen little gardens, olive and fig orchards, surrounded by a low, stone wall or cactus hedge. The interstices of these hedges form lurking-places for serpents or scorpions, hence the appropriateness of the scripture, "Whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him." Eccles. x. 8.

The fact of their being no enclosures prevents the sense of trespassing in traversing the wheatfields which would be felt in Canada. As we rode though such a field of growing wheat, the law-and-order-loving Judge in our party remonstrated against our act of trespass, declaring that were he the proprietor we should suffer the pains and penalties of the law. This usage explains the act of our Lord and His disciples who, as they were going "through the cornfields began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn." Rubbing these in their hands, and blowing away the chaff they would soon have a handful of grain. It was not this act that the Pharisees objected to, but the

fact of doing it upon the Sabbath Day.

"The tenure upon which these fields was held," says Dr. Neil, who has made a special study of land tenure in Palestine, "is exceedingly interesting and evidently ancient. The land is not as with us in individual holding. The village house, the enclosed garden, vineyard, orchard, olive or fig-yard may be held individually, or, as lawyers say, in severalty; but the broad acres are crown lands, and the village inhabitants have only the right of cultivation, held by them all in common.



1. PLOUGH. 2. YOKE. 3. GOAD.

GOAD, WITH SPADE FOR CLEANING SHARE.

But they possess this right in perpetuity and are virtually joint shareholders in common of all the land belonging to their village community in proportion to the number of their cattle." This, we believe, is still the case with village communities in India, and a trace of it in England is seen in the right of pasturage on the public commons of the realm.

"In the fall of the year," continues Dr. Neil, "the village scribe or recorder presides at an assembly of the people. The farmers form themselves into several equal groups, generally making up ten ploughs in each group. The whole of the land is then parcelled out among these groups. Although there are no hedges, ditches or walls, the tillage is all divided into portions answering to our fields, marked off from each other by rough natural boundaries, each bearing a name, as 'the Field of the Partridge,' 'the Field of the Mother of Mice,' etc. It seems to have been the same in ancient times for we read of 'the Fuller's Field,' 2 Kings, xviii. 17; 'the Potter's Field,' St. Matt. xxvii. 10; the latter of which received, from its purchase with the price of blood, the tragic name of 'the Bloody Field,' 'Aceldama.'"

These fields are then sub-divided among the several ploughmen, and are measured with an ox-goad about eight feet long, or a camel's hair rope about twice that length. These acres are awarded to the groups by lot. In order that there may be no dispute or collision a young child is chosen to draw out the lot, or number, from a box or bag. By this custom a new light is thrown upon the numerous passages in Scripture, which allude to the lot and line, as Psalm xvi. 5 and 6, "Thou maintainest my *lot*. The *lines* have fallen unto me in pleasant places." Num. xxvi. 55, "The land shall be divided by *lot:* according to the names of the tribes of their fathers they shall inherit."

"Further," says Dr. Neil, "Isaiah, foretelling the utter desolation of Edom, describes how the beasts of prey shall have it for their own, and declares of these wild animals of the desert: 'He hath cast a *lot* for them,

and his hand has divided it to them by a *line.*' That is to say, the once fertile fields of Idumea shall have, as it were, for their only landlords and occupiers the wild beasts and birds of the wilderness. All who have traversed this district have borne witness to the utter desolation so truly drawn in the words of this powerful figure."

The fact of the land being thus divided among groups of ten, perhaps, also throws light upon such passages as "ploughing with ten yoke of oxen." Again and again have we observed these little gangs or brigades of oxen creeping in slow groups across the plain. These allotments were divided by a deep furrow with a stone placed at each end as a landmark. This could be easily removed after the work of ploughing and seeding had been accomplished, and thus the labourer deprived of the reward of his toil. Hence the solemn anathema which was pronounced from Mount Ebal, "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark," Deut. xxvii. 17. "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark," Deut. xix. 14. "Our Saviour, doubtless," says Dr. Neil, "like Joseph, His reputed Father, had his lot or portion of soil in the arable ground belonging to the village community of Nazareth."

PLOUGHING IN PALESTINE.

In the fertile plain of Esdraelon we rode through a vast wheat field of 18,000 acres in one unbroken area, rolling its silken waves in a mimic sea to the boundary of the plain.

The ploughing and sowing in Palestine are very simple operations. The plough is a light, wooden implement, of curved sticks, which may be shaped with an axe or any sharp instrument, and put together with wedges without a piece of iron. The wooden ploughshare, however, is generally covered or pointed with iron, but so ineffective that it merely scratches slightly the ground. I possess a very small wooden plough, purchased from a peasant lad in Nazareth. The plough has only one handle, which the ploughman presses down with one hand, while in his other he carries the goad. This illustrates the expression in Luke ix. 62, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The plough is so light that it often requires the whole weight of the ploughman to

prevent its leaving the furrow; hence looking back would prevent the accomplishment of his design.

The goad is a long rod, with an iron point for prodding the oxen at one end, and a little iron spade at the other with which to clean the plough.

PRE-HISTORIC BRONZE SICKLE.

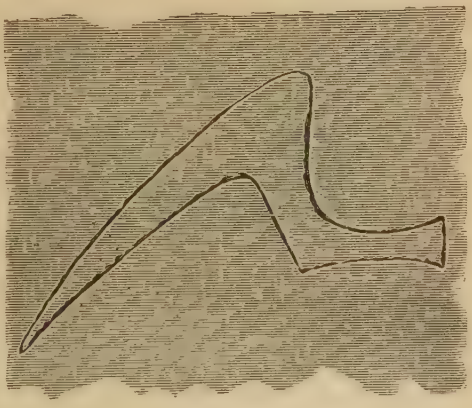
The use of the goad to the recalcitrant oxen, who are only the more injured by kicking against it, is a vivid picture of the futile rebellion and punishment of him who opposes the kingdom of Christ and persecutes His people. Hence the words of warning from Heaven to the stricken Saul of Tarsus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." References to the goad in the Bible are numerous and interesting. Solomon says, Eccl. xii. 11, "The words of the wise are as goads," *i.e.,* to keep in the right path and to stimulate the indolent to exertion.

To sharpen the iron part of their implements, the Israelites were allowed by the Philistines to possess a file, although there was no smith in the land. "Yet they had a file for the mattocks, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads." 1 Sam. xiii. 21.

The rude, uncouth nature of the yoke used in Palestine gives additional point to the words of our Lord, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

As we rode over the Plain of Sharon, a couple of our party, who had been brought up on Canadian farms, thought that they would show the peasant farmer how to do it, and asked permission to guide the plough. Their attempt, however, was hardly a success. One of them made a very crooked furrow indeed, and the other frightened the little steers so that they ran away and dragged the plough futilely over the ground, greatly to the amusement of the ploughman.

The soil having been roughly ploughed the sower goes forth to sow, broadcasting the grain upon the imperfectly prepared soil. Over and over again we saw ample illustration of the different kinds of soil described in our Lord's parable of the sower. The "wayside" was the path through the fields where the scattered seed was trodden under foot, or where the birds came and devoured it. The infinite number of small stones strewn over the ground in places illustrate the stony ground where it had not much earth, and was soon scorched by the sun and withered. Often, too, the underlying rock is very thinly covered with soil. The thorns amid which some fell, growing in rank luxuriance, choked the seed. But where it fell



REAPING-HOOK.
From Egyptian Bas-relief.

in good ground it yielded sixty or a hundredfold — a not uncommon yield in the fertile fields of Gennesaret or Esdraelon.

THE MASSEY HARVESTER AT WORK ON THE PLAINS OF SHARON, PALESTINE.

The plough is generally drawn by small, red oxen, sometimes by asses or camels, or even an ass and a camel, yoked in unequal fellowship together.

The grain after sowing is imperfectly covered in by dragging over it a rude brush harrow. The barley harvest comes about a month earlier than the wheat harvest. When the barley was smitten by the plague of hail in Egypt, "the wheat and the rye were not smitten: for they were not grown up," Ex. ix. 31, 32. Barley is the universal food of the poor, also of horses, and sometimes of cattle.

The wheat, on the contrary, is the more valuable grain, employed for food by all who can afford it. Hence the promised blessing, "He should have fed them with the finest of the wheat," Ps. lxxxi. 16; and, "He maketh peace in thy borders and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat," Ps. cxlvii. 14.

During the summer the land becomes parched with drought, "your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass," Lev. xxvi. 19. But rain changes the aspect of things, and beautifies the entire face of nature. The Jewish poets, therefore, use a drought to represent distress, and rain as the emblem of prosperity. Isaiah thus prophesies the blessings of the Gospel:

REAPING WHEAT.
From Egyptian Tomb.

CARRYING WHEAT.
From Egyptian Tomb.

"In the wilderness shall waters break out,
And streams in the desert.
And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land springs of water."

CAMEL CARRYING STRAW TO THE THRESHING-FLOOR.

the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

A number of well-meaning persons affirm that the latter rain is becoming more copious than heretofore, and that therefore the millennial peace and prosperity will soon come to Israel. As a matter of fact, however, this assumption is unwarranted. The average rainfall has not greatly varied in the last thirty years. It is not the withholding of the rain which has been the curse of the agricultural interest in Palestine, but Mohammedan misrule.

The idea of water breaking out in a desert carries to the Oriental mind the picture of an oasis green with turf, shady and fruitful with palms, musical with the babble of brooks, and abounding in plenty.

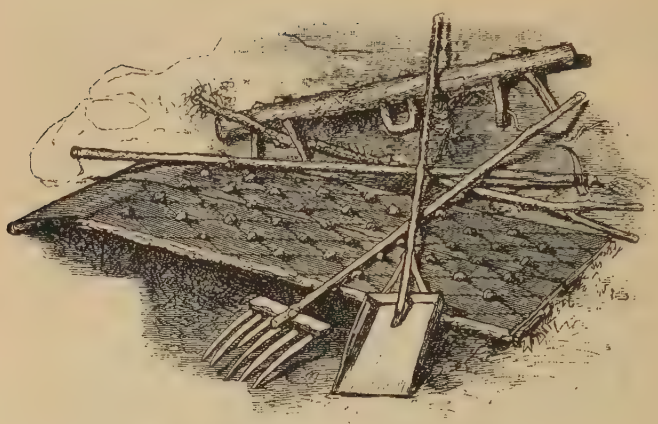
The early rain is that which occurs from November to January and softens the earth sufficiently to enable the people to plough and sow. The latter rain in March and April tends to ripen the grain. These rains are thus described in Joel ii. 23, "Be glad then, ye children of Zion and rejoice in the Lord your God: for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and he will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month."

Again, a beautiful passage in the Song of Solomon describes the bursting of spring, when the earth is carpeted with verdure, enamelled with flowers, and the air is fragrant with their breath. Song of Solomon, ii. 11–13, "For, lo, the winter is past the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and

After the latter rain the harvest rapidly ripens, and amid great rejoicings, "the joy of the harvest," the grain is reaped with the old-fashioned sickle or reaping-hook, like that once used in Canada. This is shown in bronze examples, still extant, and in reliefs on Egyptian Tombs*

The grain when reaped is carried in sheaves on the backs of camels or donkeys to the threshing floor. Hence, the beautiful expression, Job v. 26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season;" and Amos ii. 13, "Behold I am pressed under you, as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves." This is one of the many evidences that roads for chariots and waggons at one time existed in Palestine where there are now only rough tracks for camels or asses.

* This implement recalls the sublime figure in the Apocalypse, Rev. xiv. 14-16, describing the Son of man, having on His head a golden crown and in His hand a sharp sickle, to whom came an angel out of the temple, crying, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe."



YOKE, THRESHING SLEDGE, FAN AND FORK.

It is greatly to the credit of Canadian enterprise that on the Plains of Sharon a Toronto-made Massey reaper has been seen reaping the fertile harvest of this storied field.

It will be remembered that the threshing-floor of Araunah became in the process of time the site of the temple to which the people of Israel went up to the worship of God for more than a thousand years. In the larger villages these elevated threshing-floors are visited by hundreds of peasants, carrying the sheaves on camels or donkeys or on their heads. These are occasions of great rustic rejoicing. Hence the appropriateness of the expression, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest."

The threshing-floor is preferably a smooth rock surface on an elevated spot near the village. If such rock be not available, an artificial surface of hardened clay mortar is employed. The threshing-floors, from being open and important spots, sometimes gave names to places, as 2 Sam. vi. 6, "And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor." From the threshing-floor being long trodden under foot, we see the propriety of the description of Babylon, Jeremiah li. 33, "The daughter of Babylon is like a threshing-floor when it is trodden."

Grain is threshed in several ways. One of these is by dragging over it a heavy sledge of wood, in which sharp stones, generally black basalt, are firmly fixed. On this rude-made sledge the driver stands or sits while it is drawn over the sheaves. We saw one of these upturned against the side of a house, and carefully examined it. It consisted of two planks fastened together, curved upwards in front, precisely like the "stone sledge" in use in Canada. Many holes were bored in the bottom, and in these were fixed fragments of hard stone. It is surprising how thoroughly it will cut the straw and release the grain. This is the "sharp threshing-sledge having teeth," spoken of in Isaiah xli. 15, the "tribulum" of the Roman writers. Hence we have our word "tribulation," the threshing of God's hand. As the tribulum separates the grain from the chaff, so, through many tribulations, we must enter into the kingdom of God (Acts xiv. 22), being separated from the carnal mind which is enmity against God, and made meet for the heavenly garner, the inheritance of the saints on high.

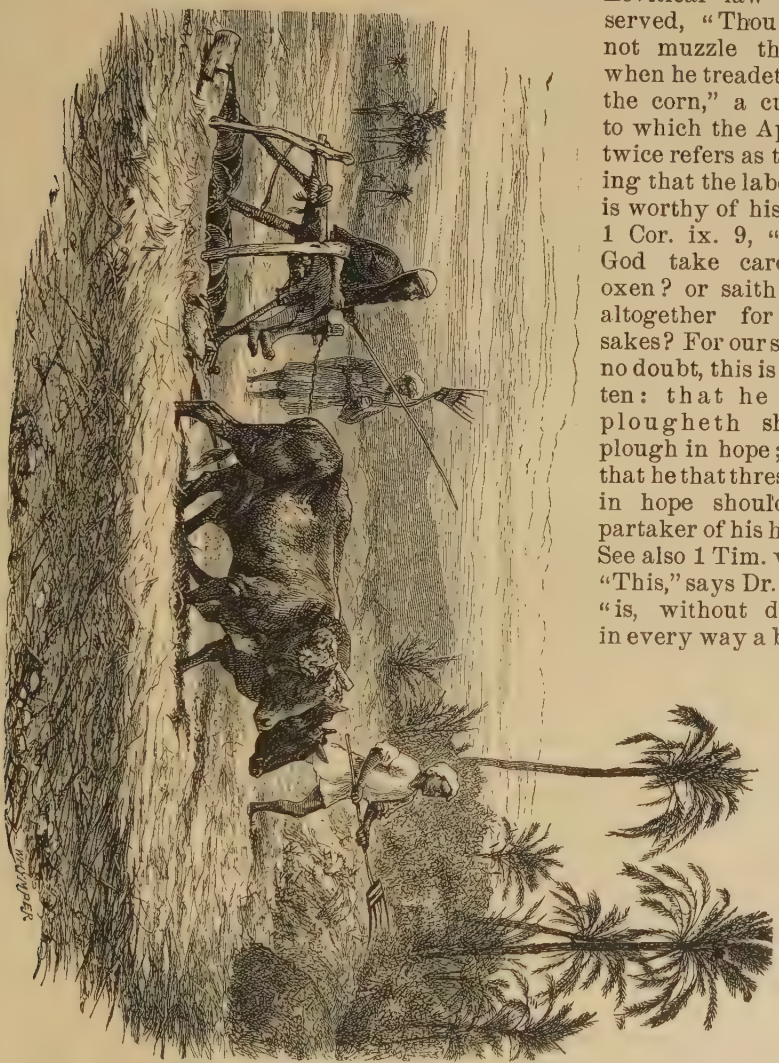
A less common form is one in which iron rollers or wheels are employed. This somewhat cumbrous implement it was that Ornan offered David for wood to burn the sacrifice which he was about to offer up on Mount Moriah. To this Isaiah refers (xxviii 27), "For the fitches are not threshed with a

threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin."

We witnessed this mode of threshing in operation near Luxor in Egypt, as illustrated in the engraving on this page. On an Egyptian tomb is a vivid picture of this process of threshing and winnowing, and this ancient threshing-song:

"Hie along, oxen! Hie along faster!
The straw for yourselves, the grain for your master."

More common than any other, however, is the method of treading out the corn, wheat or barley. Sheaves are spread upon the threshing-floor and oxen walk round and round and trample it out with their feet. To the present day the old Levitical law is observed, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," a custom to which the Apostle twice refers as teaching that the labourer is worthy of his hire. 1 Cor. ix. 9, "Doth God take care for oxen? or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that plougheth should plough in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope." See also 1 Tim. v. 18. "This," says Dr. Neil, "is, without doubt, in every way a beautiful and speaking allegory, for the faithful minister of the Word needs to be as strong, diligent, patient and obedient to his Master as an ox; and his work in the world is, in a figure, just the same, namely, separ-



THRESHING AT LUXOR.

WINNOWING GRAIN.
Taken from an Egyptian Tomb.

ating out the saved, believing people of God, 'the good seed, which are the children of the kingdom,' from the *teben*, the impenitent and unbelieving, and preparing the wheat for the Heavenly Father's garner!"

The process of winnowing is equally simple. The chaff and straw are tossed into the air when a breeze is blowing—hence the importance of an upland threshing-floor—when the light and worthless material is blown away. This is a vivid type of the separation of the righteous from the wicked and of the destruction and ruin of the latter. "They are as stubble [the crushed straw (*teben*)] before the wind, and as chaff that the whirlwind carrieth away." Job xxi. 18. "The ungodly are . . like the chaff which the wind driveth away." Psalm i. 4.

It was this crushed straw which was used for making brick in Egypt, and the bitterness of the Israelites' bondage was increased in that the straw was withheld, yet was their task not diminished: "Go therefore now and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks." Ex. v. 18.

When the wind fails, a great wooden fan or broad shovel, which is shown in cut on page 118, is used. Hence the propriety of the words of John the Baptist, "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable." Luke iii. 17.

The prophet Isaiah thus refers to the use of the winnowing fan, "The oxen likewise, and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan."

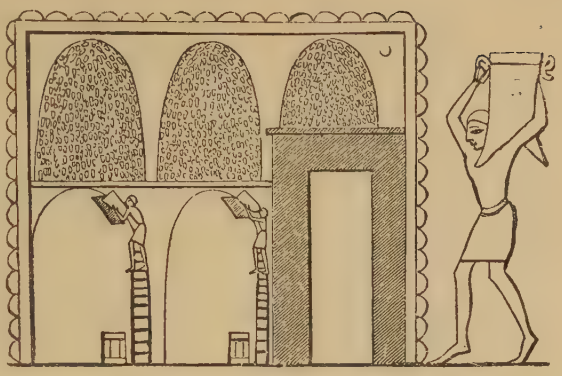
The grain, after having been several times tossed through the air, is finally passed through a sieve, the refuse or tailings of the sieve being the perquisite of the poor. God speaks of "sifting the nations with a sieve of vanity." Isa. xxx. 28. And Amos ix. 9, "I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as grain is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the ground."

When the grain was beaten out it was thrown into heaps, near which persons lay for its security: Ruth iii. 6, 7.

It will be remembered, also, that a beneficent law of the Israelites forbade the complete gleaning of the fields. "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger."

The grain was usually stored in underground chambers or "garners," carefully cemented so as to be impervious to the damp, with an opening only large enough for the entrance of a man. These could be covered with a flat stone and concealed with earth or turf. They are often found near an old wine press. To such granaries reference is made in Jeremiah xli. 8, "Slay us not: for we have treasures in the field, of wheat, and of barley, and of oil, and of honey." Sometimes for greater security these were concealed in the most retired part of the house, the women's apartment. To this reference is made in 2

Samuel iv. 6, "And they came thither into the midst of the house, as though they would have fetched wheat;" and chapter xvii. 18, 19, "They went both of them away quickly and came to a man's house in Bahurim, which had a well in his court; whither they went down. And the woman took and spread a covering over the well's mouth, and spread ground corn thereon." This was doubtless a dry well or underground granary.



AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY.

Under the stern oppression of the Turkish Government—and it was largely similar under the Roman Government—a tax of at least one-tenth is ruthlessly levied, and this is generally estimated by the tax-collectors before the grain is cut, and one may be sure that they do not underestimate it. Indeed, they not seldom secure one-third, or even one-half of the crop. Small wonder that the tax-gatherers are so obnoxious. Often they are accompanied by soldiers who enforce payment and ruthlessly pillage and plunder the poor people they are paid to protect. In like manner the publicans, under the Romans, were guilty of most cruel wrongs, and in still more ancient times the oppressors of the poor illustrated the words of Scripture, "They eat up my people as they eat bread." Ps. xiv. 4; liii. 4.

These two classes—the publicans and soldiers—are specially noted as coming to the preaching of John, and, brave prophet that he was, he boldly rebuked them for the special crimes to which they were liable. To the publicans he said, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you," and to the soldiers, "Do violence to no man, and be content with your wages."

There are very many references to these agricultural processes and usages in the Scriptures, the comprehension of which throws new light upon the sacred page. It will prove an interesting and instructive exercise to go through the Bible studying these allusions. One very striking one is in Hosea x. 12, 13, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you. Ye have ploughed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies: because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men."

"Oh, ye who sigh and languish and mourn your lack of power,
Heed ye this gentle whisper, 'Could ye not watch one hour?'
Our fruitfulness and blessing, there is no royal road,
The power for holy service is intercourse with God.
He will be there to meet thee, where'er thy trysting place,
He will be there to bless thee, uplift to Him thy face.
The sweetness of that blessing is more than words can show,
But He Himself will teach thee, if thou wilt have it so."

ELECTRICAL TRANSMISSION OF ENERGY.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

THE two most prominent applications of electricity to-day, are the brilliant arc and incandescent lamps and the noisy street-car; and it is only in quite recent years that these have been developed to any great extent. Even the younger of us can easily recall the time when each of these now ubiquitous objects was a real curiosity. My earliest recollections of the arc light go back only about a decade, and very many remember how, in 1885, that short electric railway from Strachan Avenue to the Industrial Exhibition gates was considered one of the most striking features of the fair, and crowds of people were as anxious to be carried by the new method of traction over a short quarter-mile as were the awe-struck visitors at Chicago to take a trip on the huge Ferris Wheel.

But now how changed! In every city, town and almost every incorporated village of our country, the electric light dispels the darkness; and the growth of the electric railway has been so rapid that now no place of any respectable size can be considered up-to-date unless it possesses this most convenient means of rapid transit. These are among the first things noticed by visitors, and were fittingly referred to when, addressing the Chicago Electrical Congress in 1893, Prof. W. E. Ayrton said: "The glow-lamps which he sees lighting even your scattered houses, the arc-lamps which he sees burning in your country lanes, the electrical tramways rapidly carrying the working population of your cities into healthy suburbs in the evening when the day's work is over—all these fill the stranger with admiration."

The beginnings, both of the electric light and the electric railway are to be found back much farther than many suppose. It was in 1810 that Sir Humphry Davy exhibited the former to members of the Royal Institution. In his experiments he used his great battery of two thousand cells. He says:

> "When pieces of charcoal about an inch long and one-sixth of an inch in diameter were brought near each other (within the thirtieth or fortieth part of an inch), a bright spark was produced, and more than half the volume of the charcoal became ignited to whiteness; and by withdrawing the points from each other, a constant discharge took place through the heated air, in a space equal to at least four inches, producing a most brilliant ascending arch of light, broad and conical in form in the middle."

For a great many years this method of producing the electric light was used, since, expensive though it was, it was admirably suited for lecture or magic-lantern experiments. In 1856 Holmes designed an electro-magnetic machine which, after severe tests, was permanently installed in some of the English lighthouses in 1862. Others were introduced in France. But it was not until the production of the modern dynamo that the great advance was made. By it large currents of electricity can be generated cheaply enough to be used commercially.

The principle on which the dynamo depends was discovered by the great Faraday in 1831. Let there be a coil of wire carrying a current. If a second coil be simply *brought near* or *removed from* this coil, though it does not touch it at all, a momentary current will be induced in this second coil. For

the coil carrying the current we may substitute a magnet, and the effect in the moving coil will be quite the same as before. The stronger the magnet, the more powerful will be the induced current, and as electro-magnets are the strongest of all, they are generally utilized to show large induction effects.

The dynamo, as now constructed, consists essentially of two parts, the heavy stationary electro-magnets and the armature, which rotates at a high speed between their pole-pieces. The former are large masses of iron, with coils of insulated wire about them, and when a strong current flows in these coils the massive iron becomes a powerful electro-magnet. The armature consists of a number of coils wound lengthwise on a core built up of sheet-iron discs separated from each other by paper or some other insulator.

In the annexed figure is shown the simplest form of a continuous current dynamo. The poles of the electro-magnets are marked N and S, and the armature consists of only a single coil of wire, C. The two ends of this coil are attached to two semi-cylindrical metal pieces *d*, *d*, called a commutator, and upon these two sections rest the two copper or carbon brushes B, B. The action of the commutator is to keep the current circulating in the same direction all the time. Now it is found that if the coil C be rotated in the direction indicated by the arrow near the crank a current will be *induced* in it by the magnets close to it, and this current will flow in the coil in the direction indicated by the arrows, coming out by the right-hand brush and going in by the left-hand one.

In this figure we have only one armature coil and two commutator sections, but in ordinary dynamos there are many more, the number

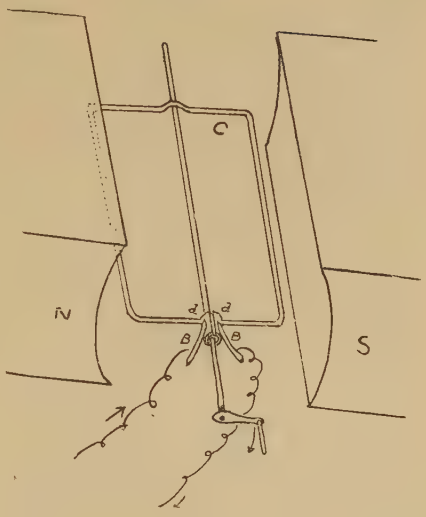


FIGURE 1.

entirely depending on the size of the machine and the object for which it is intended.

I stated just above that the poles N and S are those of electro-magnets, and a unique feature of the dynamo is that the current which it generates can be used to excite itself. Thus the current, in whole or in part, which comes from the armature coils, circulates about the electro-magnets, and thus keeping up the strength of the poles N and S the current is also kept in motion. It is easily seen how this can be when once the current has started flowing, but the question arises as to its beginning. This is explained by the fact that the masses of iron N, S, always have a certain amount of *residual* magnetism. Thus they are weak magnets to start with, and a weak current is induced in C; but when this flows about the electro-magnets N, S, they become much stronger, and hence a heavier current is produced in C. This action continues until N and S become *saturated* and so further increase of current cannot increase the induction in the coil.

The next figures illustrate the two

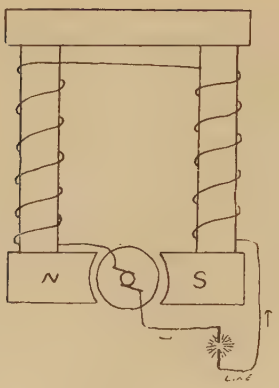


FIGURE 2.

cases, first (fig. 2) that in which the whole of the current coming from the brushes passes through the field magnets, and, secondly, that in which only a part of it is allowed to be used for that purpose (fig. 3).

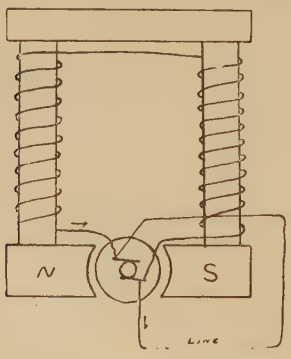


FIGURE 3.

I have thus sketched the source of the electric current. This current is a source of energy, and for a long time the question was how to transmit the energy to a place where it is required and there utilize it. Just here it may be well to state that the dynamo is not the *original* starting-point of the energy, or in other words, it is not a prime mover. It requires the energy of steam or of falling water to set it in motion, and so the dynamo cannot be thought of as displacing these forces of nature. It is found, however, to be a convenient and very efficient method of transferring the energy from one place to be used at another.

The principle upon which the possibility of this transmission depends is that the dynamo is reversible. If we have two dynamos we know that by rotating the armature a current can be led off from the brushes in each case. Now if we set in motion the armature of the first, and then take wires and join its brushes to the brushes of the second machine, the armature of this one will be set in motion, but in the opposite direction to that in which it moves when generating a current. This latter machine would be called a motor; and thus we see that a motor is only a dynamo run backwards.

The discovery of this principle of reversibility is commonly ascribed to a Frenchman, M. Hippolyte Fontaine. At the International Exhibition in Vienna, in 1873, he had an extensive exhibit. He had a Gramme dynamo of about twelve horse-power, a Gramme magneto-machine (*i.e.*, one having permanent field magnets), and a centrifugal pump. He proposed to give power to the pump either from a steam-engine, or from the magneto-machine which he intended to work as a motor from a primary or secondary battery. It was announced on June 1st that the Emperor would formally open the Machinery Hall on June 3rd at 10 a.m., and at once armies of men were put to work to get everything in readiness. On the 2nd of June the French commissioner asked M. Fontaine to set in motion all the machinery in his station, and though the dynamo and the pump would work, the magneto-machine could not be started. This caused much disappointment, and next morning it occurred to him to work the smaller machine by a current from the larger. This was tried and the result was exceedingly

satisfactory. The motor ran so fast that he borrowed about two miles of wire through which he made the current pass before entering the motor, and thus the possibility of transmitting power, for two miles at least, was demonstrated. M. Figuier gives another version of the discovery. He says that at the Exhibition the Gramme Company had two machines, of which one was in motion and the other idle. A workman noticed the ends of some cables on the ground, and thinking they belonged to the machine at rest, he connected them to it, when, to the surprise of everyone, it began to turn with great speed, and it was found that the energy came from the machine in motion. Whichever account is the correct one, we are quite certain that in 1873 the electrical transmission of energy was clearly demonstrated.

The first serious application of the principle thus made plain was in the little village of Sermaize, near Paris, by M. Chrétien and M. Félix, the proprietors of a beetroot sugar factory there. As the supply of the raw material is limited to only a small part of the year, the plant in the factory lay idle for a good part of the time, and the project of using this plant to plough the neighbouring fields was evolved. To do this two dynamos were installed in the factory, and the current from them was led by insulated cables to the field about half a mile away. At each end of the field was established a massive waggon carrying a motor, which could draw a double-ended gang-plough by means of a steel-wire cable and drum. Each motor was a regular Gramme dynamo, precisely similar to the two at the factory. When one furrow was drawn, by gearing the waggon wheels to the motor upon it, it was moved forward for the next one. The work was done at the rate of about three acres per day of ten hours, which is nearly equivalent to the amount which would be done by five to six horse-power steam tackle. The experiment was entirely successful.

In the previous year an electric lift had been installed in the same works for the purpose of transferring the beetroot from the boats on the river, about a hundred yards distant, to the factory waggons. The power was supplied by the works, and at the time of the ploughing experiment some four thousand tons had been handled at a saving of forty per cent. on previous cost. The example set by these enterprising men was largely followed by their fellow-countrymen, and afterwards by others, and electric hoists and elevators are now very ordinary things.

For ventilating purposes electric power is especially suited. The fan and the armature of the motor must both revolve at a high rate, and so the former may be attached directly to the latter without any reducing gearing. The fan can easily be placed wherever desired, and the current can be conveyed to the attached motor by copper wires, which may be hidden in any corner out of the way. The method is thus a very convenient one. Nearly all the large public buildings, such as hotels, concert halls, places of instruction and the like, have fans placed in suitable positions to draw off the poisonous carbonic acid, and to supply in its place fresh air. In ventilating mines it has been found that the electric system is hardly half as expensive as the pneumatic transmission of power.

The greatest distance to which power has been transmitted by means of electricity is 110 miles. This took place between Frankfort and Lauffen in Germany, in the autumn of 1891, and though it is said to have been a success, the complete statistical results have not yet been made public. In this case the wires carrying the current were

insulated in oil, and the current was a high-potential, alternating one; that is, instead of flowing continuously in one direction, impulses were sent alternately in different directions many times per second. But other plants have been used for long-distance work. The one at Biberist is 17.2 miles long, being the largest in Switzerland, and in this case continuous currents are transmitted with an efficiency of seventy-two per cent. From Tivoli to Rome, seventeen miles, three thousand horse-power are transmitted. At San Antonio, California, power is successfully conveyed twenty-eight miles; and other illustrations could be found in different parts of the world.

The greatest project of this kind is that which is now being triumphantly solved at Niagara Falls. To tap this mighty source of energy and use it on the spot is comparatively straightforward work. Anyone at all versed in the subject would readily believe that only sufficient capital was necessary to successfully perform this task. However, to transmit portions of this energy to Buffalo and other distant points, was much more problematic; but it is now quite generally believed that the determined manner in which the attack has been made will lead to a satisfactory conclusion.

The great difficulty experienced, to speak in a popular way, is in the fact that unless the conducting wire be very large, and hence very expensive, the energy is dissipated chiefly in heating the wire before it arrives at its destination; or if currents of high potential, or great pressure, be used it is very difficult to insulate the conducting wires sufficiently to prevent the electricity escaping into the air and earth. But the great company now operating at Niagara have high hopes of profitably dispensing their wares at Albany, Rochester, and perhaps even New York. Already fortunes have been expended on the work, and I am sure they have the best wishes of everyone.

Perhaps, however, the most marked advance in the electrical transmission of power has been its application to the propulsion of cars or carriages. To do this an electric motor is placed on the carriage and connected by cog-wheels to the axles, and on supplying a current to the motor motion takes place. Now there are two ways in which this current can be supplied. Batteries may be placed on the car, each car producing its own energy and being independent of all the rest; or the energy may be transmitted from some central power-house by a conductor, which is usually placed overhead.

The fact that each car is complete in itself when it carries its own batteries, renders the first method very good for a complicated set of city streets. Unfortunately, however, it has many disadvantages. The secondary batteries are very heavy, and besides their use requires an additional transformation of energy. A dynamo must be used to charge these cells, and then they excite the motor; in the conductor system the dynamo gives its energy directly to the motors on the cars. At any rate the conductor system has far outstripped its competitor. There certainly is considerable danger in having bare wires carrying heavy currents all over the city, but the now familiar trolley has so fully demonstrated its ability to meet the wants of the community that the greatest confidence is now felt in it. Indeed, the rate at which it has gone forward in the last few years, and the number of railways which are proposing to use it are simply marvellous.

An electric omnibus using the battery, or accumulator system, was tried in London, England. On account of the great weight it was difficult to stop, and as the streets

are very crowded, it was run only at night. It is related, that on one occasion, in Oxford St., a cab dashed out of a side street in front of it. Unable to stop in time, the driver had three alternatives, either to run into a lamp-post, the cab, or the nearest house. He chose the first and broke the post off near the ground, placing the carriage on top of it. The passengers within were covered with acid from the cells, and one of them foolishly lighted a match and thus ignited the gas escaping at the lamp-post. Had not assistance been quickly given the passengers would probably have been burned to death. But the application of electricity for such locomotion has been very small.

In 1888, an electrically-propelled dog-cart was made for the Sultan of Turkey, in which the power was stored in twenty-four small accumulators weighing about seven hundredweight, and which produced a speed of ten miles an hour for about five hours. But such carriages are suitable only for use on level and first-class roads, as the wheels cannot sufficiently grip the road to carry them up any considerable incline. Only extremely heavy carriages, such as traction engines, can be successfully moved on ordinary roads, either by steam or electric power.

Just now the commonest commercial project seems to be an electric railway, and if all the railways, the names of which we see so glibly referred to in the newspapers, really are built during the next few years almost every town in our province will have its line to the neighbouring towns and villages, and the local trade will thus be carried on.

On account of the exceptional activity in the extension of electric light and railway works, it is difficult to secure statistics up to date. In Europe, at the beginning of the past year, there were forty-three separate lines of electric railway, aggregating 191 miles in length. In 1885, in the United States there were only seven and a half miles, and in 1888 this had grown to 195. On January 1st, 1894, out of 12,001 miles of street railway, 7,470 miles were operated by electricity, 3,308 by horses, 658 by cable, and 565 by steam. At the present time it is estimated that there are 606 electric railways, with a capital of $423,493,219 invested, in the United States and Canada. In the former country there are 2,124 electric light stations, with a capital of $258,956,256 invested; and in our own country 172, with an investment of $12,124,307.

In conclusion we may well quote, "Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth." The whole of this enormous commercial activity must be dated from 1831, when Faraday discovered the mighty principle of electro-magnetic induction. Could his noble life have been extended to this year of grace, 1895, I am quite sure he would be somewhat surprised to see how quickly is being fulfilled his discerning observation: "I have rather been desirous of discovering new facts and new relations, than of exalting those already obtained, being assured that the latter would find their full development hereafter."

University of Toronto.

The noble pine, on all sides pressed
In strife for life,
Gains all its worth of knotless trunk,
And heavenward height.

Pressed close by irk and ills of earth,
Man looks above,
And steady tends to clearer light
And purer love.

More room I asked in which to spread,
It was not given.
Praise for the love that trimmed and trained
My soul for Heaven.

THE INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JOHN SEMMENS.

It is taken for granted that our hearers are thoroughly Canadian in sentiment toward the aborigines of our land. Our national policy toward the natives has long been one of peace. The friendly relations which for many years have existed between us and the natives afford evidence sufficient that there is no better plan than ours of dealing with the vexed question of Indian rights. The country is well satisfied to maintain the peaceful arrangements already existing, even though the support of our system incurs no small annual outlay. We do not desire to effect a union between the Gospel of the first century and the Maxim guns of the nineteenth. We have no sympathy with the Western destructiveness, which would solve the problem of native rights by means of powder and shot. Force is not the only civilizer. Brutality is not the best factor in social reform. Kindness is generally better than severity. The voice of love is always sweeter than the deafening salvos of artillery. To lift men up is so much better than to trample them beneath the feet of careless rage. To save the endangered, to instruct the ignorant, to open the eyes of the blind, to preach the Gospel to the poor—these things are elements of our success in dealing with the children of our forests. Far hence be the unhappy day when our councillors shall consider it wise to strengthen governmental administration by a declaration of war. As a nation we do well to maintain our proud position, and continue to prove to the world, by the exercise of humane feelings even towards barbarians, that a peace policy pays.

In spite of the national position assumed, there are many who do not look with favour upon these dwellers in tents, these wandering Arabs of the woodland and the prairie. They regard missionary expenditure with extreme disfavour, as a wilful waste of money, which, if handled rightly, has in it the force of reform. They adjudge the toil of frontier evangelists to be labour spent in vain. Valuable lives are wasted, say they, for small, if any, return. The Indian is not worth the attention he receives. Better leave him in his native gloom than to open his eyes to behold his moral deformity, for

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

A good deal of this unfavourable criticism is the result of unacquaintance with actual missionary influence. Sometimes it is indulged as an excuse for limited liberality. With a few, perhaps, the wish is father to the thought. Others, judging from what is seen about our city and town centres, write down the whole race as indexed by the diseased and drunken loafers who haunt suburbs. Now, while we have no desire to paint the Red Man white or make him appear more excellent than circumstances will warrant, there are still grounds for the conviction that many excellent traits of character are found associated with the lives of the poor despised and neglected hunters who roam the solitudes. Fenimore Cooper's colouring may be objectionable, but the facts of the case are adverse to the depreciation of the age. The Indian may not be the Noble Red Man, but he is our brother, having a full fraternal claim upon our Christian sympathies. If he

does not realize his claim, that is no reason why we should ignore it. If he does not press the wants of his moral nature upon our attention, there is still every reason why we should urge our benevolence upon his acceptance. The mute appeals of abject poverty and of hopeless misery are far more potential with the discerning, than the mumbled mutterings or importunate solicitations of able-bodied mendicants. Let the woes of a sin-laden people, cradled in the abode of paganish night, move us to effort and sacrifice. Let the claims of a common brotherhood awaken our liberality and our Christian zeal. Let the command of the universal Father remove once and forever any lingering doubts of the advisability of going into all the world and preaching the Gospel to every creature.

"Through midnight's gloom from Macedon,
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair
Is eloquent with awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
'Come over and help us, ere we die.'
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love that loved us all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
'O ye that live, behold, we die!'"

When the Church of God first sought the great North-West, it was not moved by the thought of finding employment for an unused energy or of directing a troublesome surplus into new channels of expenditure. It was not because the workers were weary with battle at the front and desired repose in the solitude of some vast wilderness. The missionaries came, not seeking fame or fortune, ease or safety; not to feast their eyes on glowing splendour or lay hands on worldly gain. They came expecting toil and hardship, opposition and loss, want and peril, and if need be, dishonour and death. From the headlands of Lake Superior, the banks of the Kaministiquia, the inlets of the Lake of the Woods, the frozen lakes of the unknown Northland, the prairies of the Saskatchewan, the dreary regions of Athabasca and the echo-haunted uplands of the far Mackenzie River, rose the altar-incense of their consecration.

"We for Christ our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses."

They were bearers of the Gospel message of peace and good-will to the rough-visaged and hard-hearted Salteaux of the hill country, the suave and gentle Muskago of the Swamp-land, the subtle and warlike camp-raider of the great prairies, the true and dignified Stonies of the mountain passes, the broad-chested and proud-spirited hunters of the McKenzie. With kindly greeting and proffered friendship they came, bearing in one hand the grand old Union Jack and in the other the blood-stained banner of the Cross. They represented an aggressive Christianity, and counted not the sacrifice of all, that they might preach Christ and Him crucified.

"The love of Christ doth us constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men,
To turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench their brands in Jesus' blood."

In carrying out the purpose of their hearts these pioneers of the wilderness encountered many a difficulty that the most penetrating forecast could hardly have anticipated. Civilization had not then sent forward her road-building, forest-levelling, bridge-constructing energies. The advancing armies of settlement and industry had not yet chosen the sites of their cities or established the centres of trade. Supplies of life necessaries could not be procured without a trip to the confines of civilization, the cost of which was too great for the limited resources of an early missionary. This threw the dauntless men back

on their native pluck and the products of the land. Unless the hungry soul could, with faultless aim, bring the bird of passage to his feet, with steadiness and cunning jerk the unwary fish from his native element, or hurl the bullet at the heart of the swift-footed buffalo, then he must suffer the pangs of hunger or perish from the earth. Money and credit were but mockeries when supply and demand were half a continent apart, with no connecting link to join their hands in happy union.

The inhabitants of the land were few and their dwellings far apart. Excepting the presence of a few adventurers here and there, the forests lay in a primeval quietness and the prairies blossomed in a virgin beauty all unseen. No congenial companionships whiled away the weary hours. No competition in commerce, mechanics or education stimulated mental activity. No steamers ploughed the quiet waters. No iron horse sped across the level plains.

The country was found to be one of magnificent distances, with the most primitive methods of locomotion and the poorest possible stopping-places: five hundred miles from the headwaters of Lake Superior to the mouth of the Red River, with only a canoe in summer and a dog-train in winter to make the journey possible; counting the return, one thousand miles to mail or market. One thousand miles from Fort Garry to the nearest port on the Hudson Bay, or twice the distance out and home. One thousand miles and more from Edmonton on the Saskatchewan to Benton on the Missouri. One thousand miles from Fort Simpson to Victoria, and minor distances linking all the places lying between. Who shall tell of the lonely hearts and the weary journeys, of the days of effort and the nights of watching? Dangers on storm-swept lakes, in wild torrents, in mighty cataracts; wild beasts, wild men; hunger and weariness, loneliness and heart-break. God only knows the trials which, with persistent iteration, hindered and depressed until resistance rose into nobility and courage crystallized into heroism.

In the west, the effort of erecting a house fifty years ago was only equalled by the more enduring one of defending it from ranger, raider and warrior. In the north, the work of following the hunter to his hiding-place was greater than that of instructing him when he was found and had time to listen. It was danger at home and peril abroad. The lack of intellectual stimulus was hard enough, but the absence of soul communion was harder still. The snowshoes and the snow camps were hard enough when the mercury shrank from everything approaching the zero point, but it was harder still to feel the fire within and have no opportunity to speak to anyone of the deep things of God. The desire to save men must often consume itself in the unsatisfying effort to find the subjects of redeeming grace. For months no word of cheer from friends in the outer world lightened the difficult task or relieved the heart's heaviness. In affliction there was dearth of careful nursing, and lack of medical skill to soothe the patient or check the fever. In cases of death, fathers and brothers, with blinding tears and bleeding hearts, went forth and buried their dead with their own hands. Oh, those heroes of the past, who counted not their lives dear unto them, they have proved their loyalty in faithfulness unto death.

Distressing as were the circumstances of every-day life, far more serious trials of faith were to be found in the social and moral condition of the natives. The hereditary deadening influences of the ages had to be met and overcome.

Camp-life had resulted in an abnormal development of the sensuous side of the hunter's nature. Intellectual capacity must needs be awakened from a long-indulged stupor before it could be developed and refined. The germs of spiritual life lay dry and dormant amid the withered leaves of a decaying paganism. Birth was the imposition of additional burden. Life was the indulgence of every wild fancy. Death was but a sleep and a forgetting. Heaven was plenty without effort. Eternity was utter oblivion. The country was flooded with rum, and the people sought it with an avidity consonant with wild natures. Bigamy, with its long train of attendant evils, blighted the homes and destroyed the lives of the unfortunate victims. Poisoning a rival or maiming an enemy was no more thought of than transfixing a robin or trampling a prairie flower. The lot of womanhood was one of contempt and slavery. The term "mother," carried with it no sweet significance. The marital relation knew no special sacredness. The old and the sick were burdens to be disposed of by exposure and starvation. Conjurors had flaunted their magic power and exerted their baneful influence until the bravest would not hunt alone or leave the tents while darkness lingered. Ignorance had routed the perceptive faculties, until the race had gone past the "don't know" of agnosticism and were on the very brink of the "don't care" of fatalism. Oh, the crime, the suffering, the wrongs, the shame of the old days, when

> "The workers worked, and the sun fell,
> And all the land was dark."

One of the first encouragements gleaned by the observant teachers, was suggested by the ability which won a daily sustenance from the most discouraging circumstances. The Indian depended, for the support of himself and his family, upon stream and forest, net and gun. This demanded a skill and a cunning which were at least worth transforming. The ability to endure fatigue and the knowledge of Nature's ways, coupled with the persistence developed by the chase, when consecrated to higher purposes, would make him a personality worthy of respect. If in his blind, heathenish practices he was faithful and devout withal, with worthier methods of service and a better object of worship, what might not this painted, blanketed savage become?

Then there was an evident soul-hunger throughout the land. Men had lost confidence in the old systems and were looking for something better. They sensed the shadow of death in which they sat, and were ready to rejoice at the dawning of the Gospel day. How pleasant the duty of feeding those who are hungry. How easy to minister to such as know their need of skill and care.

It became apparent, also, that the isolation, so undesirable at first, was after all a decided means to an end. Farther south white men and natives were brought into immediate contact, very much to the hurt of the latter. Religious work was very much hindered by the presence and influence of bad representatives of our civilization. Here the missionaries were at least alone. No unbeliever's sarcasm, no irreverent behaviour, no derisive laughter, no fatal example defeated the work of the faithful teacher of morals.

Taking into account the mental and moral needs of the land, it was soon felt that the mere declamation of truth would not meet the demands of the case. Men heard once or twice and went away only to forget again what they had heard. Camp-fire work was of more permanent value than pulpit duty, but even that was slow and unsatisfactory, owing to the roving habits of the people. It was honourable work

to lead the old and the dying to the gates of pearl, but a broader work was very necessary. The great question of how the whole tribe and all the tribes could be reached and helped, demanded a solution. Plans must be laid which would be equally advantageous to the young and the old, which would serve with best results both the present and the future. It was as necessary that men should be taught to live well as that they should be made to see the way of escape from the wrath to come. To that end schools were established. The language was reduced to writing in phonetic symbol. The Bible was translated. The intellectual and the industrial were blended. Men located, built houses, planted gardens, kept cattle, became industrious and reached a level of comfort never before gained. The workers rejoiced to see influences at work which civilized as well as Christianized, which benefited the whole man and were likely to be far-reaching as eternity itself.

The formation of character, like the formation of the crystal, is after all a matter of slow degrees, and although many helpful circumstances came to uplift the downtrodden and liberate the slave, it did not follow that a nation was born in a day, or that freedom was a thing of mushroom growth. Many hugged their chains and vowed their love for the old ways. Some closed their eyes that they might not see the new light which had sprung up. The easily won were as easily lost again. Zealous inquirers, who needed the most painstaking teaching and were slow to make any profession, proved to be worth all the effort when the testing time came. Where success was surely expected, lo, failure; and where hope saw no prospect the most astonishing successes appeared. A goodly number adorned the Gospel by holy living. Not a few disgraced themselves and the teachers by the most glaring inconsistencies. Still the old corrupt life of the days of paganism readily disappeared before Gospel teaching. Naturally given to sadness and melancholy, Christianity made them joyous and hopeful. Instead of the quarrels and raids of the earlier days were found respect for the rights of others, and a tendency toward mutual help which must be credited to the gospel of peace and good-will. The feathers, paint and bad medicines were thrown aside because out of harmony with the Golden Rule. The common blanket was discarded, for the reason that modern apparel is more in keeping with present enlightenment. Very few will live in a wigwam to-day, because it is many years behind the times. It is no longer a disgrace to labour, working with one's hands. Indeed, so far has the pendulum of progress moved toward reform that the best men do not care for the poorly-rewarded efforts of the chase. Women are not only tolerated but respected and honoured. Fidelity, honesty, virtue, are no longer meaningless terms. Life's low levels are being forsaken and the redeemed are returning to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Multitudes have already passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and have reached the fuller knowledge, the broader charity, and the deeper blessedness of the home above.

Looking backward one cannot fail to see improvement enough to convince him of the utility of Christian work. Honest effort has won success. The labourers have not spent their strength for naught. The Word of the Lord has not returned to Him void. The wilderness and the solitary place have been glad for them, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Victories won should not permit of resting on our oars. We have put our hands to this work

and must not look back. The very fact that we have laboured and succeeded clearly indicates our responsibility to continue the fostering influence which has helped and will help until the dawn pass into the morning and the buds of promise shall develop into the fruitage of ripened effort.

These sons of the forest have surrendered their lands into the hands of strangers. Ambition, avarice, cunning, toil and skill have gone to work without opposition. The surveyor, speculator and settler have passed through the land without molestation. Life and property have been safe because the original owners of the soil are not malicious. Men grow rich and increase in goods without caring how the poor souls exist whose heritage they have taken without adequate return, whose forbearance and peacefulness they have neither recognized nor rewarded.

It may be said that we give them the protection of the law. Yes, but do we not see the onesidedness of the case. We are protected from him. He is not protected from us. If he does you an injury you seek and obtain redress. He, when injured, has no money and no knowledge of the methods of reaching you by the arm of the law. This is the reason why his own hands have so often defended outraged helplessness, or revenged injured innocence.

We give the benefits of civilization. Yes, diluted and out-proportioned by the curses of a society notorious for its strong defects. Western rascality, borderland indulgence, vicious physical derangements have already claimed many victims. We give the White Man's curse to be the Red Man's ruin. Unlimited permits are death to peace and morality. Those best known to the Indian are in many cases lax in morals, and the result is contempt for our Christian integrity.

We pay the annuities. Yes, we do, and this is only systematizing beggary. A golden ornament ill becomes the hand of a child. What are five dollars a year but a mocking mouthful to the starving three-hundred and sixty-four days of desire and one day of gladness. Is it any wonder that our money is wasted in trinkets and shoddy, and that the Government is hounded with requests the whole year through.

We give missionaries. Yes, we may. We send men out to distant fields and leave them severely alone, to succeed or perish as fortune may lead. They are distant from us, and we know but little about them or their work. We hope they will do a good work for God, but our interest is in no danger of running into enthusiasm. They are only Indian missionaries and the work is only secondary consideration, an experiment of somewhat questionable utility.

We give schools. This is admitted, but the present primary system does not make an educated Indian. We give them the power to read and write. They are taught to make commercial calculations, but the whole life is spent in fishing and hunting, and a commercial and literary course does not prepare the mind for the practical struggle which follows. Once out of school they go into the strife for sustenance without a proper knowledge of practical duties. We do not go far enough. We impose upon them conditions which are helpful to our boys who handle money and make commercial deals, but fail to consider the dissimilar circumstances of the Indian youth.

What then is suggested. They should receive lessons in activity in an industry that leads to desirable results. They should have lessons in economy, and in making proper provision for the future. Let trades be learned by the growing boys. Let them see the development of

vegetation in field or garden. Allow them to plant and reap for themselves until they are interested by personal success. Let the surroundings and furnishings of the place be of first quality to awaken a sense of the beautiful in the youthful observers. Let them have freedom, for wild birds do not take kindly to a cage. Let religious instruction be regularly given, that the whole nature may be rounded by a complete system of education which shall teach them how to earn a living, how to win respect, how to gain eternal life. Even after they leave the institutions they should be settled on reserves set apart for persons of their class, where they should still be under the guidance of the Church, so that new powers might be guided into proper channels and be productive of the best results. Men thus prepared to do battle with the world will overcome the influence before which they now fall ready victims, and who shall compute the return advantage to the individual and the nation when years shall have revealed the results of liberal and wise dealing?

NORWAY HOUSE, N.W.T.

AACHEN.*

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S NEW POEM.

WITH Coin, and Food, and Spearhead,
Rome laid her slaughtered down:
The Frank his Emperor buried
Throned, wearing the Robe and Crown.

Rome gave for Death's long voyage
Arms in the Warrior's hand:
But he who reaped her heritage
Took more to the Silent Land.

His corpse-light to the groining
His burial-vault illumed—
His sightless eyes stared, conning
God's Word with him entombed.

His spectre hand was pointed
To where the Writing stood:
What seemed to God's Anointed
The Best—for all men's good!

The Word of Israel's Preacher
The Emperor here had shrined:
Proud pupil of humblest Teacher,
How would'st thou bless mankind?

Not with thy flail of horror
Nor with the torch of shame?
See from that form of Terror
The Saviour's warning came!

"Why should a Conqueror cherish
A vanquished world for gain;
If his own Soul shall perish,
How lost is all, and vain!"

When men disturbed that reader
Long centuries had flown:
They cried, "Imperial Leader!
Thou lovedst not War alone!

"The Word that in Jewels' glory
On thy dead knees hath lain,
To the living shall tell the story
Of the might of Charlemagne!"

* "Three hundred years after the death of Charlemagne, there or thereabout—his tomb, beneath the crypt of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle (or Aachen) was opened, and the dead Emperor, it is said, was found sitting on his throne, clad in his royal robes and wearing his crown, in a state of perfect preservation. On his lap was an open copy of the Holy Scriptures, and his extended finger pointed to the text, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' It was the efficiency of the mineral waters of Aachen which made Aix the favourite residence of the Emperor, but notwithstanding which, he died as did that other pious king, 'whose woes breathe musical in sacred song.'"

THE ROUGH HOUSE AND ITS INMATES.

PASTOR WICHERN AND HIS WORK.

BY MISS M. S. DANIELS, M.A.

In Horn, Prussia, not far from Hamburg, and between the pretty village of Wandsbeck and the river Elbe, stands a plain, old house, with a garden, a well, and a fish-pond, which has been known for generations as "The Rough House," *Das Rauhe Haus.* Whence its name was derived no one knows. A certain family tradition states that it was originally *Ruge's Haus,* from the name of the builder, one Ruge and that this was gradually corrupted into *Rauhes Haus.* Be that as it may, this little old house has a history of which a part, at least, is singularly interesting.

It was in October, 1833, that the Rough House became the home of the man with whose name it has ever since been associated. The time was one of great depression. Prussia had again been ravaged by one of those dread pestilences which have from time to time desolated the cities of Europe. The cholera had now subsided, but Hamburg was, and had long been, stricken by a worse plague, which, so far from subsiding, was yearly spreading and becoming more malignant. Disease and poverty in some quarters, corruption and moral degradation in all, were sapping the very life of the city, which was already known as the most vicious and depraved in Europe. Those who wished to purify and uplift society were becoming disheartened at the hopeless condition of the poor and the indifference and the materialism of the rich. Their hands seemed to have fallen helpless at their sides, and society was slipping ever and steadily downward.

But there were a few, even in Hamburg, with souls alive with the love of humanity and a faith in God that would not yield to discouragement. Foremost among these was a young *candidat,* that is, a clergyman not yet in orders, the son of a Hamburg notary. His name was Immanuel Wichern. He was then but twenty-five years old, but he already displayed that energy and steadfastness of purpose which were sure to make him a force among men. Educated at one of the German universities, his naturally clear and vigorous mind was trained to great practical efficiency. While still a student he became identified with the rising evangelical movement, and on his return to his native town went diligently to work as a Sunday-school teacher. Being a person who could do nothing by halves, Wichern thus became familiar with the life of the poorest classes and with many of the worst phases of social evil in Hamburg.

Fully recognizing the difficulties in the way of philanthropic and missionary effort, he yet was not baffled. Gathering around him a few men of like spirit with his own, he formed a visiting society, for systematic labour among the poor. The work actually accomplished was slight and slow, though Wichern and his associates were gaining useful knowledge and experience. Even among the children little could be done, so potent were the evil influences and associations of their daily lives. Unless they could be separated from these, reform was hopeless. This fact Wichern soon and clearly apprehended. But how was such a separation to be effected? And even if removal of the chil-

dren could be achieved and a shelter provided for them, what was the probability of success? The unnatural conditions in existing reformatories, where several scores of children were gathered under one roof, and the inadequacy of their methods, were but too obvious. All this Wichern pondered with that vigorous intellect of his, illuminated by his great love and earnest Christian faith.

Gradually he conceived and matured a plan. When he became reasonably assured of its feasibility, a meeting of the Visiting Society was called and the scheme laid before them. All had had much the same experience as Wichern himself. All felt the awful need of the poor pressing upon them. Moved by the directness of his appeal and the forcible clearness of his arguments as well as by the man's earnestness and depth of feeling, they shouldered the proposed responsibility and determined to found a reformatory on Wichern's plan.

But, again, how was this to be done? The meeting at which the decision was made was held in a school-master's room. The men possessed very limited means and little influence. The cause was certain to be unpopular and to meet with indifference, at the best, in the city. And for carrying out a scheme so broad, enthusiasm, which was nearly all these men had to give, was next to powerless against so much vice and carelessness. Money and a generous support were absolutely essential to its operation.

It was just here that the promise of strength in weakness was graciously fulfilled to Wichern and his friends. Their resources were very small, but their faith was exceeding great. In the strange ways which they called direct answers to prayer and which the worldly-wise cannot account for and therefore call coincidences, funds began to come in to them. Gradually and very quietly the fact that a Christian reformatory was proposed became known, and unsolicited contributions, often small and from among those who were themselves poor, were made. By a series of these remarkable "coincidences," some money which had been set aside for just such a need came into Wichern's hands, and in four weeks from the time when he propounded his scheme he was in possession of more than £1,000. Now it was a poor servant girl who sent in her savings with her prayers; now a bequest from a wealthy gentleman interested in the reclamation of criminals was handed over; and again a humble craftsman added his mite. What an encouragement and increase of faith did all this produce in those who had the project most at heart! They at least, regarded it as evidence that God was with them and aiding their efforts.

So now, at last, they were ready to begin. After several apparent reverses and sharp trials of their faith, when it seemed that they were going to lose the most of their resources, all came right, and there needed but to secure a place in which to set the cherished plan in operation. Here again they met with more than one disappointment; but even these worked for good in the end, and the Rough House was secured for them through the efforts of the good Syndic Sieveking. This, though itself small and its grounds by no means extensive, was well suited to the purpose. It was quickly prepared, and in just a year from the little meeting in the school-master's room at Hamburg, Wichern and his mother moved into the Rough House, which was to be their home and that of as much of the "juvenile rascality" of Hamburg as they could gather about them.

The basis upon which this reformatory was established was indeed a novel one. It rejected State support and aid from any benevo-

lent or civic institution, but would confine its work to such as should be made possible by voluntary contributions of sympathizing Christian friends. When these failed work was to cease. "It was not," says one, "to be an orphanage, nor a ragged school, nor a house of correction, nor a beggars' asylum, but a Christian household."

One of Wichern's controlling convictions was that the home and family life should be secured as far as possible. He believed that the family was God's own order, and that only in it could the best and strongest influences be exerted. So he would have no more children together than might compose one household. Should the number increase beyond that he would have several households, distinct though all connected.

Of course these principles met with opposition, some of it very plausible. People claimed that such an institution would foster crime, as parents would encourage their children in evil in order to rid themselves of their support and secure them a decent and comfortable home. Others ridiculed the idea and said no children could be found to enter such a home. But a scheme that had passed triumphantly through real difficulties was not to be balked by such antagonism as this. "Jesus Christ is the founder of the Rough House," said Wichern. And he believed it.

Very quietly, but resolutely, the young clergyman and his mother, renouncing old ties and dear associations, settled in their new home and waited for their work—a labour of love among the wild and hardened, the coarse and cunning and brutal, to win them by kind and gentle companionship to purity and manliness. They waited till the 8th of November before any children came to the Rough House. Then three boys arrived, and by the opening of the New Year the house had twelve inmates, of ages varying from five to eighteen years. Not pleasant children to live with and teach were these, but wild and vicious street-boys. One of twelve years was known to the police already by ninety-two thefts. Another of the same age had once attempted suicide and was subject to violent fits of passion in which several men were required to hold him. One was imbecile. All were neglected, shameless, debased—wretched little starvelings who would eat potato-parings, raw meat, May-bugs and tallow used for greasing shoes, and who often slept on the ice in winter. Some were pickpockets and burglars. The homes from which they came, when they had homes at all, were reeking with filth and vice. One boy's mother said she used to sit on a chair, take him by the feet and beat his head upon the floor. As even that had had no good effect she felt no confidence in the Rough House methods! Some of the children were so bad that for weeks after their entrance they had to be forbidden even to speak to the others.

The first "family" was twelve in number. With Wichern they shared a common dormitory and a common parlour. What a singular beginning! The calm, resolute young clergyman, surrounded by these young scamps and vagabonds, purposing to control them, win them, and bring them up to intelligent, honest manhood by methods new, and, to many on-lookers, absurd. For Wichern and his mother were setting about to love these poor, lost children into goodness! Truly such a purpose could only be either the extreme of sentimental folly and infatuation or filled with the spirit of the Divine! But these two realized that it was self-sacrificing Love which had undertaken to redeem the whole lost world.

And what of their success? At first the children, unused to kind-

ness, were suspicious, and rebellious even against the patience of Wichern. But they learned that he kept faith with them even as he put faith in them; that his promises of forgiveness and an entire forgetting of the past were not broken. By degrees forbearance and the genuine love and manliness which they could not but recognize, conquered them. Their suspicions gave way and their hearts began to grow warm to the Rough House and its life.

What wisdom and patience were needed in such a work, what careful and delicate handling of these hardened and cunning natures! Had Wichern been less in earnest, less straightforward, less loving and more sentimental, he must soon have perceived the utter futility of his undertaking and acknowledged defeat. But he was not one to fail. In the atmosphere of the Rough House, fostered by friendly companionship and intercourse, germs of self-respect and a sense of honour sprang up and began to grow. Children who had all their lives been treated like mere beasts were now treated as persons. They were trusted. To such a spirit they steadily grew to respond. In the Rough House was a little parlour, simple but cleanly and wholesome in its furnishings, and containing the two familiar and touching pictures of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and the "Blessing of Little Children." Here Wichern used, evening after evening, to gather his little roughs for the intimate talks which perhaps did more than anything else to establish them on a footing of confidence and true good-fellowship.

Of course there were constantly arising difficulties to combat. Such natures are not all at once transformed. The craving for the freedom of the old vagabond life was so ingrained in them that it often returned with an irresistible force. But Wichern was true to his principles. Hazardous as the experiment was, no outward restraint was employed. If a boy would run away he could. One lad ran off the first Christmas; he returned, ashamed and anxious, was forgiven and trusted again. The power of pure, unselfish love and faith was effectual. That boy became from thenceforth staunch and loyal. And this is but one instance out of many. Wilfulness and rebellion had of necessity to be repressed. But the rule was both kind and just. The Rough House boys came to see for themselves that family life in its very nature imposes certain restraints and mutual obligations; that it brings duties as well as freedom for all; that to maintain it they must conform to its requirements and be orderly and responsible.

In such a household it was plainly essential that employment be provided for all. The dangers of idleness are sufficiently manifest, and, as has been said, "it might be very pretty and sentimental to have a kindly man watching the gambols of young Hamburg reprobates through three-fourths of the day, and to think of the beautiful atmosphere of love in which they lived, and to contrast all this with their old hardships, but it would be downright folly." Of regular schooling they could take little at first. Work they must have.

Here Wichern's ingenuity stood them in good stead. First, the boys were set to level a bank of earth, overgrown with brushwood, which ran around two sides of the Rough House, partly screening it from view. So interested did they become in this operation, that in their eagerness to complete it they would work through rain and snow, and sometimes even by lamplight on into the winter evenings. Next came a proposal to cut down and split up a Canadian poplar on the premises, a tree to which Wichern had a particular aversion, saying of

it, "It is such a fickle, meaningless, shadeless tree; who can like it? It looks for all the world like an embodied anguish."

The poplar, however, served a good purpose. Besides occupation, it furnished the inmates of the Rough House considerable material upon which to exercise their ingenuity. From its wood were manufactured some fairly successful lucifer matches, spoons, and even wooden shoes. It was also the starting-point of more ambitious attempts. The boys were encouraged to cultivate whatever mechanical ability they might possess. Beginning with matches and spoons, some went on to the making of brushes and even bedsteads, gradually adding improvements and becoming more deft with each experiment.

Nor was all the work indoors. This would soon have become too irksome to those whose wandering habits had been so strong. A little ground was broken and sown; some bee-hives were constructed; a poultry-yard and house were made; a cow was bought, which had to be cared for and milked; and after a time an oven was built, and the boys began to bake their own bread—good, crisp, wholesome loaves, in which they took no small pride.

With all this manual labour Wichern had the wisdom and tact to combine a constant moral purpose, and the daily work was made to contribute to the awakening of the dormant intelligence and conscience of many a poor lad.

At the same time, a certain amount of teaching was regularly carried on. The boys learned to read and write, and—no small aid, certainly, in their reclamation—were carefully taught to sing. Music, especially the singing of the sweet German hymns at morning and evening worship, had from the first a singular effect upon these young Prussian outcasts. Often the most vicious among them were penetrated by tender thoughts and feelings, and there were times when so many were moved to tears that the singing had to be stopped.

The Bible was regularly taught, and after the first suspicions were allayed the boys seized upon its truths with surprising readiness. The stories of both the Old and New Testaments took the strongest hold upon their minds. They were often eager to go and tell them over to the children in the town, and were sometimes extremely droll in their application of the truths underlying the stories, which in most cases they were not slow to grasp.

As time passed on, more and more applications were made for admission to the Rough House—so many, indeed, that before long only a small proportion of the applicants could be received; and, what is yet more remarkable, as prejudices swiftly and steadily wore away, masters and employers began to make frequent applications for young men leaving the Rough House to work on their farms and in their shops.

As the number of inmates and candidates for admission increased, the space became obviously insufficient. Yet it was hard to turn away those whose need was so sore. A proposal to build a second house for themselves was unanimously cheered by the boys, and so heartily did they enter into the work that, arduous as the undertaking was, the house was soon built. A hundred thousand stones went into it, and a very decent and substantial dwelling it was, too, when with great rejoicing the boys took possession of it, completed and crowned at the gables with the indispensable fir-tree.

But a new demand was soon made upon the Rough House, and it was finally decided to provide for the reception of girls also, on whose behalf many a piteous appeal had been made. More room was therefore needed, and again the boys applied themselves to the building

of the necessary accommodations. This time a dwelling was erected large enough for twelve occupants, with a chapel, kitchen and wash-house, all under one roof. Here the first household of girls was established, under the care of a sister of Wichern. Work was easily provided for them, and the boys no longer had all their cooking, washing, sewing and knitting to do for themselves.

But there were difficulties to be met with in the work among the girls, almost more appalling than had been encountered with the boys. They were, if possible, more depraved, more passionate, less manageable than the lads. Of one of them it was said that at thirteen she had every conceivable bad quality. But, almost without exception, they, like the boys, were won by the power of Christian love and Christian example.

Much could be told of the progress of the Rough House work: how, one after another, the various makeshifts for a work-shop proved inadequate, until at last a building eighty feet long was erected, under whose roof carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, wool-spinners and basket-makers practised their several crafts without confusion; how, one by one, other new buildings were added as they became necessary, until they came to include a separate chapel with bell and organ, a laundry, bakery and printing house, as well as several new dwellings for both boys and girls. Even a boarding school, the Paulinum, was opened for boys of the same evil habits as those for whom the reformatory was built, but whose position in society was better. Here instruction was given in mathematics and in languages, both classical and modern, at a cost of 1,000 to 1,200 marks per annum for each pupil. It is a singular and interesting fact that within twenty years from the opening of the Rough House for the children of the lowest classes, over two hundred parents of higher standing had begged that their children might be received for training there.

Many of the additions mentioned, in both numbers and buildings, were a result of the great fire which left Hamburg in ruins in May, 1842. It was this necessary enlargement, doubtless, as well as the political crisis of 1848, which led Wichern to so broaden his plan as to make the Rough House Reformatory a national rather than a merely local institution. It was not proposed to increase the number of inmates to more than about a hundred, but of these, after 1848, only half were to be from Hamburg. The remaining places were to be open to applicants from any part of Germany.

The remarkable breadth of Dr. Wichern's mental grasp, and the clearness of insight which prompted this action, are proven by the further history of the Rough House, which, by thus enlarging its scope and extending its touch, has achieved its highest, though more indirect, success, and become the parent and model of many a reformatory, not only in Germany, but in other parts of the world;* for it has drawn thoughtful and studious visitors from many countries, hundreds and even thousands in a year. Many distinguished names, too, including those of kings and queens, grand dukes and grand duchesses, have become associated with it.

The results of this work of reformation, begun by the zeal and love of a few devoted Christians in a corrupt city, cannot be measured. Some of them, indeed, are apparent. Among the Rough House institutions may be seen the quiet reformatory work, the growing industries, the training school for the Inner Mission, now a vast and established force in Germany; the publishing house,

* Dr. Bowman Stephenson's Children's Home, London, England, is founded on the Rough House plan.

a firm fully recognized, with its book-shops and agencies in different towns, distributing wholesome Christian literature among the lower and middle classes throughout the country.

But to comprehend the full fruit of its labours, we should need to know the after-lives and influence of those who have been children of the House. The gathering of such knowledge, were it possible, would carry us, as Dr. Wichern himself has said, into every region of the world. Nothing, perhaps, could give so clear an idea of the immensity of the scheme and its results as his own words of more than thirty years ago:

"We find them (the former *Rauhhausler*) in every grade and social position. One is a clergyman, another is a student of theology, and another is a student of law; others are, or were, teaching. We find among them officers in our German armies, agriculturists, merchants in Germany and in at least two other European countries, partners in honourable firms; they are presidents of industrial institutions, skilful landscape-gardeners, lithographists and xylographists; artisans scattered through many towns. One is a sea-captain, some are pilots, others sailors, who have taken one voyage after another and seen all the seas of the world. They are colonists in America and Australia, and both there and at home there are happy fathers and mothers among them, training their children righteously, and building up their family life after the fashion they have learned here. And there are men-servants and women-servants, and day-labourers; and besides those who are better off, there are also the poorer and such as are burdened by care, either with or without their own fault. Besides, a considerable number have died, both at home and abroad; some have disappeared; some suddenly turn up after long years have passed."

Among the most important outgrowths of the Rough House scheme, is the Brotherhood of St. John, composed of young men who have dedicated themselves to home mission work in some one of its branches. These come to the Rough House for their training, and while receiving this are helping in the work of uplifting and reforming the children, with whom they live in daily association and to whom they hold the relation of friends and teachers. One of the Brothers is the head of each household, the "house-father." Such a life as this is the best possible preparation for the active service upon which they enter when their term of training is passed, and the Brethren of St. John have long been a powerful agency for good in the hospitals, prisons, schools and workhouses, as well as in the missions throughout Germany.

Limit of space forbids any detailing of the wonderful ways in which the necessary money for carrying on the ever-increasing work of the Rough House was always provided; how in every emergency, with every added responsibility, as at the time of the great fire, enough was always forthcoming to meet the need, and that, too, when, as Wichern once said, "No one was asked but God." Washerwomen, cobblers, miners, as well as those of larger means, both at home and in other countries, gave what they could. Even little children here and there carefully saved their pence, and in their small way helped to swell the amount, and when they had no money, some, both boys and girls, learned to knit, and contributed warm stockings for the outcast children.

Nor can we describe as we should like to do the daily life at the Rough House; for in this large and growing community, with its shops, dwellings and offices grouped around the one low wooden spire, with its gardens, woods and shady walks, the old name is affectionately retained.

It is an active, healthy, Christian home—a home where boys and girls from the streets and wharves are gathered into households, and surrounded as far as possible with the

atmosphere of family life; where individual dispositions and capabilities are regarded; where helpful, encouraging or restraining influences are provided in a spirit of genuine love and interest; where mind and heart are alike cultivated and stimulated.

Every activity of each member of the household is carefully called into exercise. The day begins at sunrise, and is opened in each family with morning prayer and a hearty chorale. School, work in the gardens and in the various shops and offices keep all employed. Before any boy may have his dinner, he must present a certificate of diligence from the superintendent of his work. Alas for the poor wight who is pronounced lazy! Instead of receiving his dinner he is referred to 2 Thess. iii. 10, "This we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." The girls, too, in the "Swallows' Nest" are neat and cleanly as they go busily about their household duties, washing and cooking, knitting and sewing, cheerfully and in good order. But the life is not one of work and no play; at the Rough House the moral and physical value of hearty, wholesome recreation is fully recognized.

As has been intimated before, no little attention is given to the study and practice of music, with the result that it is not unusual at the Rough House to hear the compositions of Mendelssohn, Bach and Palestrina rendered with real skill and taste, by voices well trained and concerted in parts; while the chorales and songs of the fatherland ring out daily from the cottages and gardens.

Some appreciation of the beautiful in art is also cultivated in the inmates of the Rough House. In the chapel are not only some fine wall frescoes, but a few really good sculptures, among them several by Thorwaldsen. To the engraving department of the institutional publishing house, Richter and Andrea, Peschel and Otto Speckter have been contributors.

The founder of the Rough House is now an old man. Since his appointment to the high ecclesiastical position of Ober-Consistorial Rath, some years ago, the superintendency of the Rauhe Haus institutions has been in the hands of his son, Pastor Johannes Wichern. But the work which he inaugurated in the enthusiasm of his young manhood, and in which his loving interest is still such as perhaps no other can fully comprehend, is growing in efficiency with each year.

The last two triennial reports of the Reformatory and Missions, pamphlets of considerable size and great interest, set forth an amount of systematic activity truly wonderful. So, beyond all expectation, has one man's labour of love borne fruit. The Incarnate Love has promised a sure reward to him "who shall give unto one of these little ones." Is not Immanuel Wichern, as he looks to-day upon the Rough House, with its happy, diligent inmates, and thinks of those who have gone out from its walls, rescued through his faithful efforts, reaping already many hundredfold?

Moulton College, Toronto.

SUNRISE WILL COME.

Upon the darkness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lone spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.
So out of life the splendour dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight, cold and stern
But overhead the planets burn,

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet
The sunrise never failed us yet!
The blues of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

HOW THE GABBITES CAME TO GULL COVE.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY GEO. J. BOND.

I.

"I TELL 'ee 'tis true. Our Joe come up from Twillingate last night in Skipper Bill Evans' craft, an' he heard it at his Aunt 'Liza's there—my sister. 'Joe,' she says, 'you tell your mother that our minister be goin' to pay you a visit for sure, very soon, an' tell her to go an' hear 'em.' So Joe had this to tell me first thing when he come home, you may be sure. Go an' hear 'em! Sure enough! Catch me goin' to hear 'em! I'd go an' scald 'em or blubber 'em. That's how I'd sarve 'em, so I would."

The speaker was one of half-a-dozen women busily engaged in spreading fish to dry on the top of a huge "flake," in the little village of Gull Cove, in Green Bay, on a lovely August morning in the year 184—. The settlement, cradled in a sweep of spruce-clad hills, lay bathed in the fresh sunlight, the blue smoke curling up lazily from the chimneys in the warm still air, which was just beginning to be stirred by an off-shore wind that was stealing gently down from the hill-tops, laden with the sweet, strong odour of the woods. Outside the lightly-ruffled waters of the tiny harbour flashed for many a mile the still and sunlit surface of the bay, flecked here and there, in the far offing, by a fishing-boat's sail. The boats had already been for hours on the fishing ground, and the long stretches of flakes—the raised platforms covered with brushwood, for drying the codfish on—were everywhere filled with women, eagerly availing themselves of the bright sunshine and clear air to loosen the great "fagots" or piles of close packed fish, and spread them singly over the acres of flakes. The quiet of the morning was broken only by the sound of chatter and laughter, as the busy fishmakers gossiped gaily together as they stooped over their irksome toil.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "I tell 'ee I'd dearly like to blubber one o' them 'ere Gabbites. A good coatin' o' cod-blubber might do 'em good. Bad cess to 'em, I say."

"Why, what makes 'ee so mad agen 'em, Aunt Betsy?" said one of the others, after the laugh which followed the last remark had subsided. "One 'ud think they'd done 'ee some harm. S'pose they do come here, what's the odds?"

"Harm!" said the first speaker, fiercely; "little you know about it, I can see! Yes, they have done me harm an' I hates 'em, the dirty trash. Why, there's my sister I spoke on—'Liza. You knows, Sarah Ball, and you knows, Mary Young, what a nice, pleasant-spoken, lively maid she was afore she left here fower years ago last spring. No better girl for her work anywhere, an' as for a spree or a dance, why there warn't her equal in the place, if I do say it that shouldn't ought to. Now she's converted, they tells me, by them 'ere Gabbites, an' I s'pose she's different altogether. Ashamed of it I be! An' if I saw 'Lize I'd let her know what she's done, disgracin' her decent bringin' up an' her father that come out from England, an' brought his prayer-book wi' 'im that the parson give 'im when he was confirmed. Converted, I'm sure! An' what odds, you says, if they does come here. I'll tell 'ee what odds. If they Gabbites comes, good-bye to all fun in the place.

Why, they tells me they won't let 'ee drink a sup o' rum or go to a dance at all. An' then they runs down the Church, an' tries to get people agen it, an' I don't know what all. An' then, worse than anything else, they drives away the fish. Why, I've hearn for certain that when the Gabbites comes to a place the fish leaves it to once, an' if you should happen to catch a fish you'd catch 'en by the tail—he'd be goin' off. Well, let 'em come, I says, an' see what they'll git." And the speaker, her work being finished, dashed away vigorously to her home, leaving the other women laughing heartily at her vehemence.

Meantime the news had spread in other directions. At the office of the "room" it was the topic of conversation. In those days the room, as the fish-merchant's establishment was called, was the centre of authority for the place, and the "agent," as the local representative of the firm, a veritable autocrat, who exercised absolute and undisputed sovereignty. The agent, a big, burly, bibulous-looking Englishman, was discussing the rumour with the book-keeper, and ended his remarks with a very emphatic oath. "We must keep 'em out of this place," he said; "'twill never do to let the thing take hold of our people here."

"Pretty hard to keep them out here when they couldn't keep them out of Twillingate, sir," remarked the clerk.

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that. I say I'll keep them out, and I will. I'm master here, and no infernal Gabbites, as the people call them, shall get a footing here to interfere with our business and set folks crazy, if I know it! If they try it they'll have to reckon with Wade & Co., and they don't know the grip we have here. By George! I'd like to tar and feather any canting humbug that comes here! I'll make it hot for them if they show their noses in Gull Cove, and for any of our people that harbour or help them, see if I don't! If anyone says anything to you about them, Brown, you can warn them of what I'll do." And with another bitter oath the agent left the office.

About a fortnight after the events just narrated, a boat with two men in it sailed into the harbour of Gull Cove and made fast at one of the stage-heads. There was hardly anyone about, for the men were all out on the fishing ground and the women having finished their morning work of spreading the fish, which now lay white and wide-spread in the sun, had left the flakes and were busy with their household duties. A ragged and sun-burnt urchin, busily engaged in jigging tom-cods close by, watched them with a child's interest in strangers as they moored their boat, and then, in answer to a question from one of them as they stepped ashore, pointed silently and shyly to a house at some distance. A few minutes after, Aunt Betsy Snow, as her neighbours called her, was briskly sweeping up her tidy kitchen, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door, and on going to open it found two men, entire strangers to her, standing in the porch.

"Good morning, ma'am," said one of them, pleasantly, "have I the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Snow?"

"That is my name," she replied briefly.

"Then this parcel is for you, Mrs. Snow," said the stranger; "we brought it from Twillingate this morning. It is from your sister, Mrs. Roberts. She is quite well, and sends her best love to you."

"Thank you kindly for bringin' the parcel an' the message. Won't ye walk inside an' sit down a spell an' rest. You must be rale tired, comin' so far."

"Oh, we had a free wind up the shore and are not tired a bit. But we will sit down a while, and I'd be thankful if you would kindly give

us a drink of water. The hot sun has made us very thirsty."

"A drink of water! Why, certainly, I'll give ye that, but I'll give ye something better than that. Come right in, an' I'll give ye a cup of tea and some loaf. I'm sure you must be in need of it, coming all the way from Twillingate this morning."

Nothing loath, the two travellers entered the house and seated themselves, while their hospitable hostess bustled about to make the few and simple arrangements necessary for their entertainment. The tea-pot, filled from the kettle singing merrily on the "crooks" over the dog-irons, in the great open fire-place—for it was before the era of cooking-stoves—was soon "drawing" beside the embers; the bowl of white sugar, kept for special occasions, was set with the best china on the coarse but snowy cloth that covered the deal table; and a huge plate of "loaf-bread." cut in thick slices and buttered liberally, was placed in the centre. Then, having poured out two cups of the steaming tea, their entertainer briskly bade them "draw in and take hold."

As they did so, she was struck with surprise to hear the younger of the two reverently ask God's blessing on their meal before they began to partake of it. Blessings before or after meals were not by any means the rule at Gull Cove, and there was a smile of amused wonder on her lips as she set anew about her household duties, pressing earnestly upon her guests that they were not to wait for compliments, but were to "make a long arm and help themselves."

At the close of the meal she was again amazed by the sight of the bowed heads and serious demeanour of the men as they returned thanks for the blessing of food, and her woman's curiosity was aroused to its highest to know who her visitors really were. The older of the two, it was evident enough, was a man of her own class, but the younger one had a different appearance. He had something of the appearance of a clergyman, she thought, and yet he could hardly be a clergyman, for it was not the time of year for the parson to be making his rounds, and besides, this gentleman was not one bit like Mr. Black. He was not an agent—he did not look like one, and he certainly did not act like one. Agents did not generally ask for water, and they usually drank something stronger than tea, and besides, agents were not given to asking blessings. And as she stood there a thought came to her which, as she afterwards expressed it, made her feel as if cold water had been poured down her back,—could these men be the Gabbites? Could this man who looked something like a clergyman be the Gabbite preacher?

As the thought was formulating itself her guests rose from the table, and the younger, turning to her with a smile, thanked her heartily for her kindness and hospitality. "Perhaps you will further oblige me," he said, "by telling me where my friend and I can get lodgings for a few days, as we wish to stay here a short time."

"Mrs. Susan Adams sometimes gives strangers a few days' lodging," said their hostess. "Her house is the large, yellow one, just down the path from here, but I don't think you'll get in there now as she's been very sick, poor body. There's no one else in the harbour that takes in lodgers, that I know. 'Tis poor 'commodation, mostly, in places like this. The parson, when he do come, always stays with Mrs. Adams. You might try there. Be you tradin', if I might make so bold as to ask, or be you a parson yourself? 'Cause if you be, I allow you'll get in there all right."

"No, I am not a trader; neither am I a clergyman. I am a Wesleyan missionary."

"Never heerd tell o' them. Never

had none o' they in these parts. What do 'ee do?"

"I preach the Gospel, and try to get people to accept Christ."

"Then you must be a parson. Nobody but parsons preaches."

"No; as I told you, I am a Wesleyan missionary and I have come up here on purpose to preach to the people. I am sure there are souls here needing the Saviour, and my friend and I want to tell them of the dear Saviour we have found."

"Who sent for 'ee? Did anyone tell 'ee to come here?"

"No one sent for us. We believe the Lord Jesus sent us."

"Be you one o' them 'ere Gabbites?"

"Yes; the people here in Green Bay give us that name, I believe."

"Then you'm not wanted."

"But my friend and I——"

"You'm not wanted here, I tell 'ee. We be all Church people and don't want no Gabbites; so if that is all you've come for, you'd best get back home again to once."

"But don't you want to hear the Gospel preached?"

"We hears the Gospel preached when the parson comes on his rounds; and we have our prayer-book, and what more do we want, I should like to know? I've bin confirmed, so I have, and I takes the Sacrament reg'lar when I gets the chance."

"Then I trust you know the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

"Well, sir, we knows we's ignorant, but we knows that. Is that all you've got to tell us?"

The missionary sighed. "I mean, do you know Him as your own Saviour," he said.

"My own Saviour! Why, of course He's my own Saviour! He's everybody's Saviour! Better go back home, I tell 'ee; we don't want no Gabbite preachers here."

"Well, ma'am, I thank you again for your kindness in giving us that nice tea; and now, if you please, we will go and see if we can get a place to stay at and a room to hold service in. We shall be glad to see you at our service. Your sister told me to be sure and invite you."

"Yes, she's turned Gabbite, hain't she? Much obliged to her and to you; but you don't catch me at your meetin's. My sister, indeed! I s'pose she'd like me to be just such another fool as herself, goin' around sighin' and groanin', as I'm told they does, an' givin' up every bit of pleasure in life. You'm kindly welcome to the drop o' tay, an' you would be if you was a black nagur, an' I'm thankful to ye for bringing my parcel; but we don't want no Gabbites here, I tell 'ee again, so ye'd better be off afore harm comes to ye. Besides, ye'll get no place to stop at, an' no place to hold your meetin'. If ye'll take my advice ye'll get away afore the men comes in from fishin'."

"Thank you, ma'am, for your intended kindness," said the minister, gently, "but we came here to do God's work, and we must do it. We will trust Him to open our way. And now we will bid you good morning." So saying, he and his companion turned briskly away down the narrow street, leaving their hostess staring after them in unfeigned astonishment and curious interest.

"Well, my brother," said the younger man to his companion, after they had gotten out of earshot, "that is rather an unpromising reception. However, I rather expected something of the kind, and don't feel at all put out about it. Evidently Sister Roberts was right when she told us we should find her sister very stiff. But she has a kind heart, and there's a look of honesty and firmness about her face which makes me believe she would make a grand Christian if she were soundly converted. And I hope she will be before the week is out; ay, and some others too."

"I'm glad your faith is so strong, sir," replied the other. "'Twas a bit discouragin', I allow, to be met with a slap like that right at the beginnin'. But we must take it as it comes, an' I believe the Lord will carry us through an' give us success. 'Pears to me this was the house she told us might give us lodgin'. Will you ask, sir?"

"Yes, this is the house. I'll just go to the door and inquire."

A slatternly and shock-headed damsel answered the summons, and in response to the stranger's question as to whether they could board there for a few days, answered that her mistress was very ill in bed, but she would go and see. In a few moments she returned. "Be you a passon?" she asked; "I told missus I thought you were."

"No," said the young man, "I am the Wesleyan missionary from Twillingate, and I've come up here to hold services for a week or two. Tell your mistress I shall be glad if she can accommodate us."

The girl looked blankly at him for a moment and then disappeared. After some rather excited conversation in an inner apartment, she came back. "Be you the Gabbite praycher?" she said in a frightened voice; "'cause if you be, missus said I was to tell you she couldn't take 'ee in, not for love or money. Passon, he told her not to allow no Gabbites in her house. She's mortal sick and couldn't take ye anyhow, but she wouldn't take ye if she was well, if ye're Gabbites."

The stranger smiled. "I suppose we cannot stay in any case, then," he said. "Perhaps you can tell me if there is any other place where we could get shelter."

"No," the girl answered, she did not know of any place; she didn't believe anyone would have them. And with that as a parting shot, she shut the door in his face.

The two men looked at each other with an expression half sad, half comical, as they walked away. "We have the day before us," said the younger man, "and we'll just inquire at every house till we get some roof to cover us. At the worst we can sleep aboard our boat, and have service in the open air. That would be like old times to me; I've often preached in the streets in England." And so they went from house to house till they had well-nigh gone over the settlement, without any success. No one would take them in. Evidently their identity and their mission had spread through the place. They could see the people peeping through the blinds at them as they approached, and in some cases their loudest and most persevering knocking brought no response, although they could hear voices inside the closed doors. At other houses the children came and stared at them with awe, while their mothers, sometimes surlily, but more often with a scared expression, held brief colloquies with them.

"I never seen the like of this, sir!" exclaimed the older man at length. "I never thought to see people turn strangers from their doors in any out-harbour in Newfoundland. 'Tain't like our people, sir, believe me, 'tain't a bit like our people to act so."

"You need not tell me that, Brother Jeynes," replied the other; "I know the hospitality of Newfoundlanders too well to be misled by our treatment here. They are evidently under some kind of constraint, and are afraid to show us any kindness. Never mind; we'll jog on a bit. There's a large house yonder over the hill, standing by itself; suppose we try it next."

A few minutes brought them to the house in question, and to their knock at the door a feeble voice responded "Come in." Entering, they found themselves in a good-sized room, at one end of which some embers were smouldering on the hearth of a wide, old-fashioned

chimney, with a settle on each side of its warm and hospitable fire-place. On one of these settles lay a woman some years past middle age, wrapped up in a patchwork quilt, and evidently very ill and weak.

"Sit down, friends," she said, when the men had entered; "you came to see my husband, I s'pose. He's not far off and 'll be in afore long. I'm that crippled up with rheumatics, an' the slow fever last spring, that I can hardly move. I have to be carried about like a child, an' so you'll excuse me for not gettin' ye a cup o' tea. My little grandchild tends house for me, an' she's down to her mother's on a message; but she'll be back in a minute or two, and she won't be long makin' the kittle boil. You'm strangers, I reckon."

"Yes, ma'am, we are strangers," replied the younger man, "and we called to see if you could give us lodging for a week or so, but you seem so ill that I fear it is no use to ask you. I am sorry you seem to suffer so much," he added, noticing the woman's face drawn with sudden pain.

"It's my heart," she gasped, with an agonized look; "my poor heart pains in spells till I think I'll die. 'Tis better now," she added, as the spasm subsided; "an' 'tis the will of God, so I must put up with it."

"Yes, it is God's will," said the stranger, "and if we realized how wise and loving are all His dealings with us, we would never think of talking of putting up with them. I see you have the prayer-book there beside you," he continued, "may I read you a bit?"

"Ay, do, if you please," said the invalid. "I can't read myself, but my old man is a good scholar, an' often reads a chapter or a collec' to me. He was readin' to me this mornin' a wonderful piece about how the Lord healed a poor palsied man that some more men let down through the roof of a house to Him. I wish I could get healed o' this here rheumatics. Maybe you could find it, sir; I'd like to hear it again."

The minister turned to the familiar incident and read it slowly and impressively to the poor suffering woman, who eagerly watched him and listened as he sought to simplify the story and bring out its full meaning. He could see the pain-drawn face work with emotion and the hungry eyes fill with tears, as he spoke of the great love of Jesus for men and His willingness to forgive and help all who seek Him. "Ah!" she exclaimed, when he paused, "He forgave him all his sins, and then He healed him to show the people around that He could forgive sins, 'cause 'twas as easy to do one thing as the other. I see that now plain enough, an' I wish He was here now and would heal me and forgive me; God knows I need it bad enough;" and she sighed heavily.

"My friend," said the minister earnestly, touched with the poor woman's frank simplicity, "the Lord Jesus is here in this very room, and He will forgive your sins now, if you ask Him with all your heart."

"Our passon do say," she interrupted, "that if anyone is baptized and confirmed and takes the Sacrament reg'lar as they can, and leads a good life, them may hope for forgiveness, but I ain't sure, I ain't sure; an' last spring, when I thought I should die with the slow fever, I felt terribly afeared. An' now I know I hain't got long to live, and I ain't sure, and I'd like to be, I'd like to be."

"You may be!" was the minister's reply; "just as sure of it as you are alive."

"How do you know that?" she asked eagerly. "Did you ever know anyone who was sure?"

"Yes; I am sure myself," he answered.

"You are!" she exclaimed, in astonished tones.

"Yes; I am sure the Lord has forgiven all my sins, and so is my friend here. Are you not, Brother Jeynes?"

"Yes, sir, bless the Lord, I am."

"Well," exclaimed the poor woman, "I never seen two such men as ye before! I'd give the world to be able to say that."

"My friend," said the minister, "you may indeed say it if you will let Him forgive you. Shall I pray with you, and ask Him?"

The woman assented with quivering lips, and the young man, wrought upon deeply by this strange opening for his sympathy and instruction, poured out his whole soul in an agony of fervent prayer for the sufferer, asking that she might be enabled to realize the forgiveness for which she longed, and might have grace to sustain her in her weakness and suffering. When he had closed he called upon his companion, who in quaint and simple language brought the poor woman's needs of body and soul before the Lord, and besought Him for present answer and help.

The woman lay on the settle as the earnest voices filled the room. At first she seemed overwhelmed with astonishment, then an expression of fear swept over her pale face, and then a passionate outburst of emotion shook her frame with convulsive sobs. As the quiet entreaties continued, she became gradually more composed, the great tears coursing down her thin cheeks like rain, as she lay with closed eyes, drinking in every word. "Thank you," she whispered, as the men rose from their knees, "thank you; thank you; your prayers have done me good, great good. May God bless ye for it."

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep.
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved;" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep?
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
"Who giveth His beloved sleep."

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

Author of "The Diary of an Early Methodist," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

BOXING DAY.

"I've washed 'em clean, miss," said old Jimmy to Mary, when he brought back his plate and basin in the morning; "and I'm sure I'm wery much obliged. There was enough o' good grub for two days ye sent. Ah, it's well for them as can have plenty, though their father's ribs is broke. That ain't the way wi' me. When I can't work, or can't git work, I must jist starve or go upon the parish—and a fat lot you git if you're upon the parish. It might be enough for a mouse, but 'tain't enough for a man. Why I should want to keep out o' the 'ouse, I can't see. Chris'mus time, 't any rate, them as is in is best off—gits their beef an' pudden out o' the parish, jest as if they was guardians. It seems a shame a ole man like me should 'ave to knock about as I do. I've got children somewheres, I know, as ought to keep me better. But there, I never complain. I don't set mumpin' at 'ome, *I* don't. Soon's ever I can git about, I do git about; I ain't a-goin' out 'oliday-makin', *I* ain't. Your grub's put a bit o' strength into me, an' I'm off to look arter work. There ain't much chance as I shall git any sich a day as this; but I 'on't lose the chance, whatever 'tis. I 'ope your father's a-mendin' a bit, miss. I'd a-come soon's ever I heerd o' what 'ad 'appened, but I couldn't put a foot to the ground yisterday till I'd 'ad my dinner. It come so late that I'd begun to think as it warn't comin' at all; but there, it did come, and I'm wery much obliged to ye, miss. I ain't the one to complain. I can't step in now and see yer father, miss, but I'll call as I come back, and try to sperrit 'im up a bit."

Old Jimmy was the only caller whom Jude had on Boxing Day. The doctor did not come, and most of the Star Courtiers had turned out, either to try to get Christmas boxes on some excuse, or to witness, if not to share in, the often brutal bustle of the day. And poor old Jimmy was not an inspiriting companion.

He had tried hard for work, but had failed; and when he got back to the court he was in so bad a temper, that he passed Jude's door without keeping his promise of calling. But when he had made a second dinner of the food which Jude had sent him, his conscience pricked him, and he hobbled back to Jude's.

"What luck?" inquired the blacksmith, when the old man entered the bedroom, and sulkily seated himself on a rush-bottomed chair without saying a word.

"Luck?" answered old Jimmy. "What's the good o' talkin' o' luck? *You* can talk o' luck—break yer ribs, and yet have Chris'mus dinners to give away. Though that kind o' thing can't last long, I guess. Not but what I'm wery much obliged to you, Mr. Waple."

"Don't say a word about it, Jimmy."

"But I tell ye I am. Not but what it seems 'ard that I should 'ave to be beholden to anybody. Jest look at me. I've been a ballast-heaver goin' on for pretty nigh fifty year, and once I could arn my two and twenty shillings a week, an' now I can't arn as much as 'ud buy me a screw o' 'baccy."

"Well, I can give you a pipe, Jimmy, and I'll have one with you,

if you'll reach me down mine, and give me a light. There's the 'baccy."

"I wasn't axin' ye for a pipe, an' I don't expec' your doctor let's you smoke, do he?"

"He don't mind."

"Oh, wery well, then," answered old Jimmy, taking the tobacco and Jude's pipe off the mantelpiece, and his own pipe out of his pocket. "I don't mind obligin' of ye. Tell me when you're filled, Mr. Waple, and I'll git ye a light at the fire."

For a minute or two, the blacksmith lying on his back, and the old ballast-heaver with his arms crossed on the back of a chair, puffed away in sociable silence.

The soothing influence of the tobacco, however, soon ceased to operate on old Jimmy.

"It's all wery well talkin' about 'avin' a pipe in peace, but look at me, Mr. Waple. I used to arn what was thought good wages, and I've brought up a family on 'em, as might do sumfink for their father, you might think, now he's a-gettin' old, but that ain't it. I don't want their 'elp, heven if I knew where they was. I'm as willin' to work now as I ever were. There was work goin' to-day though 'tis Boxin' Day. Wessels that wants to be off must git their ballast, Boxin' Day or no Boxin' Day. There was work a-goin', but though I went to place arter place till I were tired, an' 'eerd o' jobs in some on 'em, bless ye, there was no chance on 'em for *me,* Mr. Waple."

"But why not, Jimmy?"

"Why, fust place, if there'd been a chance for sich as me, mine would ha' been last chance, because I'd got no tin to stand Sam to the foreman."

"But how, Jimmy?"

"It's heasy for you a-layin' there, smokin' your pipe like a marquish, to say 'as 'ow, Jimmy?' as hinnercent as a baby. Why, don't ye see that we can't git work on our own hook as we used to git it? We must go to a publican, and they'll on'y emply them reg'lar that'll drink pretty nigh 'alf their money away with 'em, and the lush they give ye ain't much better than pison. And some masters is butchers and some is grocers, and if yer want 'em to emply yer reg'lar, you must buy their rubbish dear of 'em. And the foreman lets lodgings, and if you don't lodge with 'em, anyway pay 'em as if you did, though you may be a-livin' helsewheres, you've only a chance of a cas'alty job, when there's ships is to be ballasted in an 'urry, and the reg'lar chaps is all at work. And I s'p'ose you call *that* fair, Mr. Waple?"

"No, I don't, Jimmy. I don't know much about London ways yet, but it seems to me a downright shame."

"What's knowin' about London ways to do with it? But there, I won't complain. I told yer daughter I'd sperrit ye up, an' I'm glad to see I've done it, Mr. Waple. You talk as cool an' comfor'ble as if you'd got a fortun' at yer back, but p'r'aps if you don't git about quite as soon as you think for, you'll tell another story then. You'll know what it is to be wi'out work an' money both. I'm wery much obliged to ye, and I'd 'elp ye if it lay in my power, but you know 's well as me that it don't, Mr. Waple. What would you do now, if all yer money was to run out afore you got about agin? And you can't have sich a lot put by, I should say. What would you do, and what would that there pore sick daughter o' yourn do? She ain't strong enough to work. I pity her, I do, pore thing, for she's wery obligin', an' so's the little un. I can't make out 'ow you can take it so quiet, but yet I'm glad. I told yer pore daughter I'd do my best to sperrit ye up, Mr. Waple."

"I'm anxious enough often, Jimmy, but my business just now is to try to get well as fast as I can, and worryin' wouldn't help that. I must do the best I can, an' trust to God."

"Ah, Mr. Waple, it's heasy enough to talk about trustin' in God when you've got coals, an' clothes, an' wittles left. It's when you hain't got 'em, you'll find it ain't quite so heasy as you talk about. Broken ribs is bad thinx, I 'on't deny, an' I on'y 'ope you mayn't find 'em wuss than you look for. But, 'cept them, you hain't much to complain on, as I see, jest now. You're a-layin' 'ere warm an' comfor'ble, with a doctor an' two gals to look arter ye, an' more than enough to heat. Now jest you look at me. I hain't a sixpence in the world, and I can't git no work, and when the last o' your grub as I saved agin to-night for to-morrer's gone, what 'ave I got to look to but a mouldy parish loaf? I hain't got a fire like that a-burnin' for me when I gits 'ome. I shan't 'ave a fire at all, for my coal's pretty nigh all done, and I've got no money to buy none. But there, I 'on't complain. I said I'd sperrit ye up, and I'm glad to see I've done it. For I 'ope you 'on't think I ain't wery much obliged to you, Mr. Waple, and yer gals, too, pore thinx."

"You've been talkin', Jimmy, instead of smokin'. You may as well set yourself down by the fire, and smoke your pipe out. My girls will be havin' their supper directly, and there's enough for you, too, and then you can go home and tumble warm into bed."

"I worn't a-thinkin' o' smokin' an' eatin', Mr. Waple, an' I thought you was a different sort o' man, Mr. Waple, than to be talkin' about 'em when I was talkin' about whatever was to become o' your poro gals. But if that's yer way o' puttin' on it, of course it ain't for me to say nuffink."

"Your father's sperrited up wonderful, miss," he said to Mary. "I ain't wi'out my own troubles, but I told ye I'd do it, and I've done my best."

Then taking out his pipe again, he relighted it, and puffed away in silent enjoyment of his warm rest until supper was ready. Putting his plate on his knees, he lingered over that, too, enjoyingly. He was so plainly reluctant to turn out for his shivering walk down the cold court to his cheerless home, that the Waples let him keep them up beyond the time at which they wanted to go to bed.

At last he got up, and putting down the plate on the table, said, "I'm sure I'm wery much obliged to ye, miss, and ye see the little gal 'asn't 'ad to go hout, along o' my 'avin' eat it 'ere. I'll jest say good-night to yer father.

"Good-night, Mr. Waple; I'm a-goin' now. As I've sperrited yer hup so, I'll look in now an' then, though I'm sure I'm wery much obliged to ye."

"Good-night, Jimmy; keep your heart up," said Jude.

"Ah, Mr. Waple, you ain't a-goin' to turn out into the cold—anyways, to-night," answered Jimmy. "But there, I ain't one to complain. Good-night, Mr. Waple; good-night, miss; good-night, my little gal."

Jimmy began to grumble again before he got into his uncomfortable little bed, when he thought of Jude lying in his warm bed. "It's heasy enough for him not to grumble jest yet," thought old Jimmy. Nevertheless, in his way he really liked Jude, and was all the better for his talk with the trusting man he had professed to "sperrit up."

CHAPTER V.

THE SATURDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

When Perliteful Bill woke on the morning after Boxing Day, he felt in what is vulgarly termed a somewhat "seedy" condition. Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and Boxing Day, he had spent in amusing himself after the fashion of his class. He had drunk more beer and smoked

more tobacco than was good for him. He had howled most objurgatory criticism and most ecstatic applause from the crowded gallery of an East-end theatre. He had assisted at a two-penny hop, and played sundry games of skittles. He had gambled with cards and with coppers. He had done a little rat-killing. He had looked in at several of the public-houses used by costermongers to witness and take part in the friendly sparring going on, and he had been a principal in one fierce stand-up fight. That was the way in which Perliteful Bill's Christmas had been passed, and it had not left much taste of jollity in his memory. He had spent almost all his ready cash, and though he could have borrowed stock-money—at exorbitant interest—he had lain too late for the morning's markets. Besides, as the next day was Sunday, of which he always made a holiday, he was not inclined to set to work again until the Monday. Accordingly, leaving his "wife" to find food for herself and children as best she could, Perliteful Bill sallied out to find beer for himself on "tick" or "treat."

Bill did not look a very amiable being as he lounged along with his hands in the pockets of his greasy "cords," and his greasy skull-cap pulled down on his broad head, with unshorn bristly face and eyes blood-shot almost as red as a ferret's. But even Perliteful Bills are not utter blackguards. As he passed the Waples' he remembered that he had made no inquiry after Jude since his accident, and therefore turned back to put in his head and say to Cicely, "'Ow's the guvnur, little un? Tell un to keep a stiff hupper lip, an' 'e'll be hall right agin in no time."

"Thankee, Bill," said Jude from the inner room. "Where are you off to?"

"On'y to git a squencher, guvnur. My coppers wants coolin'. You keep a stiff hupper lip—that's hall you'll want, guvnur. I'll look in as I come back an' see 'ow you're a-gittin' on. You keep a stiff hupper lip—that's hall *you* want, you do, guvnur."

Perliteful Bill, honestly thinking that he had given Jude profoundly original counsel, of which he stood greatly in need, lounged on up the court towards the Catharine Wheel, a grimy little public-house, whose side-door opened just inside the cannon-posts. Fortunately his credit, either as customer or as boon companion, was not sufficient to procure for him all the "squenchers" he would have liked to take for the "cooling of his coppers." He came back from the Catharine Wheel sober, but still rather sulky. The last pint of porter which Perliteful Bill had been able to get he had not, however, drunk, but brought away as *his* contribution towards Jude's recovery. As Bill entered his room, Dr. Gale was coming out of it. The doctor turned round to thunder,—

"So, Waple, you've been sending out for beer on the sly."

"No, he hain't," growled Bill. "I don't run 'is arrands. I was a-bringin' of it to him."

"Take it back then at once."

"Shan't then. I don't run your arrands, nayther. A drop o' good beer will do the chap more good than all your physic. If yer don't keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, I'll send the beer in yer face."

"Mind you don't take it, Waple," said the doctor, and he dived out of the room. "That's the way wi' all them haristocrats," sneered Bill. "They'll ride rough-shod over ye, if yer'll let 'em, but git cheeky, an' they funk. An' we're a-payin' taxes to keep them sarcy beggars hidle."

Hard-working Dr. Gale, because his work was not of the kind which the costermonger could appreciate as work, was really in Perliteful Bill's opinion a bloated aristocrat,

whom Bill's taxed drink and tobacco helped to keep in idleness.

"Now, then, guvnur, 'ere's yer beer."

"No, thankee," answered Jude.

"Well, if you won't, I will. 'Ere's to-wards ye, guvnur." And Perliteful Bill emptied the measure at a draught.

"Don't you think that you take a little too much o' that, Bill?" asked Jude.

"What are ye a-drivin' at now, guvnur? I give yer the hoffer. Yer can't 'ave too much of a good thing—not when ye're used to it. When coves fust begins to lush, sometimes it's too many for 'em, an' there's coves, p'r'aps, that never larns—they. hain't the 'ead for it."

"Well, you're pretty well used to it, Bill; but isn't it because you've had too much of it that you ain't out sellin' to-day?"

"I 'adn't got no stock-money, but I can borrer for Monday."

"An' what'll you have to pay for it, Bill?"

"That depends upon the cove I goes to. Some on 'em claps it on horful—'undreds o' times as much as swells 'as to pay when they borrers. It's a gallus shame. What with the haristocrats and the bobbies, the poor man's got no chance."

"But they can't make him waste his money, an' leave his little uns with nothin' to eat."

"Tell ye what 'tis, guvnur—I likes my kids as well as you does yourn, though may'ap I've a diff'rent way o' showin' on it. 'Tain't every cove as 'ad stood a pint for ye would ha' stopped quiet to be jawed at, though ye are on yer back. But there, some'ow I can stand more from you, guvnur, than I 'ood from any other cove. You ain't like other coves. That fust time when me and the long sweep was at it, and you come in between, I guv ye sarce, but blowed if I could pitch into yer. There, guvnur, tell ye what I'll do,—I'll go and raise ewifgen, an' work summat to-day."

"What's ewifgen?"

"Why, a bull, five bob, yer innercent."

"And what will you have to pay?"

"Half-a-bull, may-'ap, and the money back to-night."

"Well, Bill, I ain't a rich man, but I ain't quite stumped yet. If you'll promise to pay it back to-night, I'll lend you five bob without interest."

"Guvnur, you're a brick. I'll pay yer, s'elp me"——

"I don't want you to take your davy, Bill. Give me that tin box off the mantel-shelf."

If all Jude's money were inside that light box, he could *not* be a rich man, Bill thought.

"Look 'ere, guvnur," he added, "you're sure you won't be a-wantin' this afore to-night?"

Being satisfied on this head, Bill once more said, "You're a brick, guvnur;" and, to make up for lost time, hurried off at once to invest his borrowed capital.

In the evening Cicely had to go out to make some purchase in the great street-market near Star Court. When she first came to London, Star Court itself was scarcely a greater terror to the shy little country girl. The variety of the wares over which the variety of lights flared, and blazed, and blinked, of course interested her, but the pushing and the incessant clamour scared her. She still stood rather in dread of the market, and, therefore, felt inclined to run away when a costermonger laid his hand upon her shoulder with a hoarse, "Hi', little un, I want yer." It was, however, only Perliteful Bill standing beside his barrow, which still gleamed with silvery sprats. He proceeded to do up in a slimy piece of brown paper a handful of greasy coppers and small silver coins. "There, that's yer father's," he said, as he gave it to her. "Tell the guvnur

that I've more than turned over the tin a'ready. Sprats was cheap, an' I bought five chuck.—Wait a bit," he added. Lifting up the lid of her basket, he shovelled a dozen or two of his fish into it. "There, you and your sister will relish 'em for yer supper, if the guvnur don't. They're so full o' fat though, I should say yer couldn't git a tastier thing for a cove as is laid on 'is back."

"I'm a-comin', ladies," he abruptly interjected, as he turned to serve to customers, and then once more began to shout, "Sprat ho—all alive, oh —a penny a plateful—fine silver sprats!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The most taciturn inhabitant of Star Court was Sam Simpson, nicknamed "Goggles"—a horn-spectacled cobbler. He did not say a word to anybody, and scarcely anyone said a word to him. He went out to buy the old boots and shoes he cobbled into renewed wearability; he often sat at his bench all day long, Sunday included; he went out again to sell his cobbled goods—with scarcely any notice from his neighbours. He took no share in their fun, or their fights, or their gossip; but Star Court was not offended as it had been at first in the case of the Waples. Goggles was not persecuted, but ignored. Mary Waple was very much astonished when Simpson came into Jude's front room on the first Sunday after Christmas. She knew that he did not get drunk, or swear, or fight, or commit any other of the immoralities which were common in Star Court; but then she knew that he often worked on Sundays, and when he was not at work she had seen him reading the newspaper on Sundays, and he never went to any place of worship, and so there was not much to choose, Mary thought, between him and the other heathen of the court.

"Young woman," said Goggles to Mary, "I don't believe in chapels and things of that sort, but you do, and I've a respect for your father, and you and your little sister too. So as I thought you wouldn't like to leave your father with nobody but your little sister to look after him, and so would have to keep away from your church or chapel, or whatever 'tis, I've come to say that if you'd like to go, I'll stay with your father till you come back."

Accordingly Mary and Cicely went to chapel, and Goggles sat down by Jude's bedside.

"You're a kind Christian," said Jude.

"No, I ain't," retorted Goggles fiercely, as if he felt himself insulted. "But there, I didn't come to talk about that," he went on more gently. "I've a kind of respect for you and your daughter, and so, as I thought she'd miss not goin' to her chapel, I offered to come and sit with you. I'd read you the paper, but I suppose that's against your notions."

"Will you read me a chapter?"

"A chapter?—out of the Bible, you mean? Yes, I don't mind reading the Bible, though a lot of it seems to be bosh."

Jude didn't know what to make of Goggles. Jude was not adroit in controversy, and so asked simply,—

"But ain't ye some kind of a Christian, Mr. Simpson?"

"I tell you no—there's bits in the New Testament that sound pretty, but what's your Christian religion? The swells and the parsons have made it up between them to scare us when we're inclined to kick 'em off. Don't the Church always stick up for the swells, and the swells for the Church? 'Trust in God,' say the parsons, but we don't mean to do anything of the sort. That's their dodge to make us think they

haven't robbed us. We'll trust in ourselves to make them and the swells stump up. They may do the scaring dodge in the country, but we're getting beyond them in London. They ain't so 'cute as they fancy themselves, or else, instead of sending out missionaries to niggers, they'd have tried harder to keep on gammoning the white niggers that'll soon be up against them. Why, look at the costers in this court. The swells won't have to thank the parsons for much, so far as *they* are concerned, when the time comes. There isn't one of 'em, I'll be bound to say, that has the least notion of your Jesus Christ, except as words to swear with."

"But why don't ye believe in God, Simpson?" said Jude, getting more and more bewildered.

"Because I don't believe that a God, according to my notion of a God, and according to half of what the parsons pretend to believe about Him, would have made a world in which for thousands of years there's been a few rich folk grinding down thousands of poor folk. There seems like a chance that our turn is coming at last—it's been a precious long time—but I'm afraid it won't be in my time."

"Will you have a pipe?" asked perplexed Jude, for want of anything better to say.

"No, thankee. I tell you, I've some kind of respect for you, Waple, and yet you make me savage. It's just such fellows as you being contented—respectable, good workmen—that gives the masters all the more pull on us. You're not true to your class. When the time comes, I'd kill such chaps. They're deserters, and so they ought to be shot." ("What's the matter, old fellow?" the savage Goggles suddenly interpolated, seeing that Jude was cramped, and wanted to turn. "Shall I give you a lift?") "But as I was saying, it's not fair, Waple, and after all, what d'you get by it? You're better off than some, though that mayn't last long if you don't get better soon—I'm sure I hope you will. But after all what do you get for toiling from year's end to year's end? And what do I get? And we're both sober, steady men. I used to get a trifle more when I worked for a translating shop than now I am cobbling on my own account, but I'd rather be as I am. Is it a life for men to be shut up day and night in a stinking little room by the half-dozen together, and babies born and folks lying dead in it; and two shillings and sixpence a week I had to pay the man I worked for for lodging in in such a place! Once make a man a master, and he gets as hard as if he'd never had to work for his own bread."

"But there's such a lot of us wantin' work, you see," said Jude.

"If there's such a lot of us, all the more reason why we shouldn't let the swells and the masters cock over us as they do. Let's strike work—all of us—and where would the masters be then? They can't make a farthing without us, so why should we take just enough to keep us alive—often not that? If two or three horses wanted to keep two or three hundred off a bit of clover, because there was so many of 'em, I don't think they'd manage it. Of course, striking only wouldn't do—we should want something to live on. We must divide property, and make the swells work too, and then give 'em their fair share."

So Goggles talked on, stopping every now and then to attend to Jude's wants until the Waple girls came home. He had probably never talked so much at a time in his life. He was a lonely man, whose lot in life had been hard, and whose mental pabulum consisted almost entirely of ultra-radical newspapers and the speeches he heard when he attended ultra-radical public meet-

ings; over both of which he pondered as he sat stitching, waxing, hammering, "heelballing" and "smothering" on his cobbler's bench. Jude asked him to stop and have a bit of dinner.

"No, thankee," he answered, "but if I shan't bother you with my talk, I'll look in now and then when you've got no one else to be with you. You don't seem to care much about politics, but somehow I've taken a fancy to you, though when you first came to the court I thought you were a sneak."

"What has he been talkin' about, father?" asked Mary, when Goggles was gone.

"Well, my girl, I can't exactly make out his talk. He's a queer chap, but he seems to have a kind heart for his neighbours."

THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA.

HOLLIS FREEMAN.

LONG years ago, Justinian the Great
Reigned in the splendour of an Eastern state,
With flashing crown and broidered cloth of gold,
An iron hand beneath the purple fold;
With perfumed glory glossing war and strife,
And bending slaves to give his wishes life.
Round his proud capital he looked in vain,
O'er marble pinnacle, and dome, and fane,
To find a temple, or a temple's shrine,
Worthy for worship of the King Divine.
"I," said the Emperor proudly. "I alone
Will build a temple, give each gem and stone.
My gold shall gild, my workmen carve and raise
A noble edifice, and all the praise
And glory shall be mine; upon my name
Shall rest the sunshine of undying fame.
And when I die—at gates of endless day
The white-robed angels waiting there will say,
'Enter, Justinian, who alone did build
The church of God, and gave the gold to gild.'"

'Twas finished, done; of purest marble white
The temple gleams, a thing of proud delight.
With rainbow tints soft cast o'er lofty aisle,
And beauty's form in tender light to smile;
With rich wrought carving, gems and garnished gold,
And sculptured art, and silver manifold.
Above the door was chiselled in the stone,
"Built by the Great Justinian alone,
For the great God."
In the next morning's light
A grand procession came with banners bright,
And royal pomp, and music's joyous sway;
The Emperor in his chariot led the way,
But stopped within the doorway in surprise,
For, looking up, he read with scowling eyes,
Inscribed in shining words, "This church to God
Euphrasia the widow gave." He trod
With rage the sacred floor, and asked who dare
Alter the writing he had ordered there?
But none his haughty challenge would explain;
Workman and carver questioned he in vain,
Till from the priest's pale lips did trembling fall,
"'Tis the same fingers that on palace wall
Did once a sentence grave." Then at command
Of the great Emperor, sought they through the land
To find the lady on whom God had laid
This honour, that due homage might be paid.
Sought they in vain among the rich and great,
The noble courtiers in their palace state.
Not clad in purple robe or silken gown,
But in a lowly alley of the town,
Sick and bed-ridden, poor, and gray, and old,
Found they Euphrasia, who when questioned told
That she had nothing done—only one day
When the poor oxen toiled along her way
With marble from the wharf, she saw their feet
Were cut and bruised with sharp stones of the street;
So gladly gave the straw from her own bed,
That the poor beasts might have a softer tread.

This lesson read Justinian with surprise—
What God accepts, and what He doth despise.

Yours very sincerely
Catharine Porter Traill

THE MINISTRY OF NATURE IN MORAL DEVELOPMENT.*

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

A LITTLE girl four years old, sat among her beautiful friends the wild flowers, sharing their joys with her other friends, the birds and butterflies. She was in perfect unity with the spirit of nature, and looking lovingly up into the blue sky she said to the Friend unseen but real to her: "Thank you, God."

Childhood universally loves nature if it has the opportunity of knowing her in her purity, her beauty, and her unfolding processes. The home and the school may reveal God to the child through nature more clearly and more definitely than in any other way. There is much more than beauty in nature, as the child sees it. There is a revelation of life from within, there is growth towards fuller, stronger life, there is a progressive development towards higher forms of life, there is related life or unity, the fundamental principle of all life, and there is reproduction in harmony with universal law. Some scientists have made science a basis for unbelief in God. The true study of nature is a sure foundation for religion.

The child as it lives with the unfolding life and beauty of nature is not conscious of all that is being impressed on its young and supersensitive life, nor is it wise for mature minds to try to force the lessons of maturity on the consciousness of children. The child receives from nature impressions and revelations in harmony with its own stage of development. The conscious growth of maturer years is limited by the depth and strength and purity of the impressions of early childhood. Nature in her beauty, her productiveness, her variety and her phenomena is stimulating to the intellectual and moral life of the child. The germination of a seed, the growth of a plant, the unfolding of a bud, the blooming of a flower, the structure of a leaf, the song of a bird, the flight of an insect, the rippling of a brook, the vastness of the great ocean, the majesty of a mountain, the movement of the trees and the waves in the wind, the habits of insects, birds and animals—all these quicken the intellectual and moral life of the child.

The little girl whose grateful heart led her to say; "Thank you, God," was taking part in a very realistic religious ceremony. Her religion was the working out of her inner life, and was in no sense a formalism. Hers was a spontaneous expression of real gratitude and not a mere ceremonial; she felt the faith she never could have learned by words. The song of birds and the hum of bees formed the most appropriate music to set the child's nature in tune with the harmonious rhythm of the universe.

There was an element of truth, or at least an evidence of a partial revelation of truth, in each of the religious systems of the past. The glimmering of truth in Pantheism is the recognition of God in nature. Some philosophers and theologians are afraid that the revelations in nature of God's purity, and activity, and power, and of His laws of unity and progressive development, may lead to Pantheism. Even Diesterwig called his friend Froebel a Pantheist, when under the stars one night he listened to the marvellous

* See also review of Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles." Page 179.

rhapsody of childhood's greatest human revealer.

"The firmament leads us to recognize the connectedness of all that exists, and leads us up to the Unity —God. No one of the heavenly bodies is isolated, every planet has its centre in the sun of its system. All the solar systems are in relation and continual interaction one with another. This is the condition of all life. Everywhere mutual relation of parts. . . Everywhere there are the same order and harmony because the same law rules everywhere; the one law of God which expresses itself in thousandfold manysidedness, but in the last analysis is one, for God is himself the law."

"That," said Diesterwig, "is what people call Pantheism."

Froebel properly repelled the charge. "I do not say, like the Pantheists," said he, "that the world is God's body, that God dwells in it as in a house, but that the spirit of God dwells and lives in nature; produces, fosters and unfolds everything, as the common life principle."

He answers the same charge in the "Education of Man." He says: "The spirit of God rests, lives and works in nature, expresses itself by nature, imparts itself through nature, but nature is not the body of God."

Tennyson was not a Pantheist when he wrote the wondrous words:

> " Flower in the crannied wall
> I pluck you out of your crannies—
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower; but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

The prophet souls who have stood nearest God and seen His revelations most clearly have recognized the wide-reaching relationships of nature most definitely, and have loved Mother Nature, not with a merely sentimental love, but with a reverent love born of the consciousness that the greatest lessons for the heart and life of humanity may be learned by a true acquaintance with her processes and phenomena. When nature's unity becomes more widely known there will be many poets with minds full of sublimity.

These thoughts are suggested by reading the advance sheets of Mrs. Traill's new book, "Pearls and Pebbles; or, Notes of an Old Naturalist," every page of which reveals the loving sympathy and the joyous, genuine friendship which she felt for the flowers, the trees, the birds and the butterflies among which she lived in the Canadian forest, where in the early days of its settlement she made her home. She does not write of them as of mere things of interest in her life, that might be studied for amusement or for instruction. She speaks of them with affectionate tenderness, as of old and tried friends who entered into her inmost life. She welcomes the bird, or butterfly, or flower, in the springtime, with a joyous reception that proves it to be an expected friend, and treats it as if she knew it understood her delicate attentions, and responded to her sympathetic heartbeat with sweeter song, or intenser charm of colour and odour.

Her diary is a record of her personal interviews from day to day with the birds returning from their winter trips to the warmer southern lands; with the butterflies that creep in her presence from the cocoons she has so long watched in the brightness and warmth of her southern window, and make their great transition from apparent death to life; or with the unfolding leaves on the trees, or the opening blossoms of the flowers. They are all received as real friends, each with a clearly-defined personality to which their happy hostess responds with a full and sympathetic heart. Her garden becomes her parlour in which she welcomes the dear old friends as they return to live over again the pleasant experiences of former years.

One can almost believe that the flowers unite with her and give their beauty and fragrance to fill the heart of each returning bird with greater bliss; and that each bird sings more melodious songs to aid her in welcoming the flowers. She shares the glory of all the pure life around her, and is filled with a consciousness of the upward progress of nature as she passes from stage to stage in the evolution towards higher life. She aids each form of life to stronger, grander life. She gives the birds the clippings of thread and cloth from her work-basket as material for nest-building, and her flowers respond to her loving culture by stronger stem and more beauteous bloom.

She is for Ontario what John Burroughs has been for New England, a revealer of the trials and triumphs of the myriad lives that usually pass unnoted: and whoever stirred the dear old lady of ninety-three to publish these records of her simple happy life with her many wildwood friends in the days of long ago, deserves the gratitude of the Canadian people.

Her book shows that in even the darkest situations there are many opportunities for ennobling occupations, that the heart is happiest when in harmony with universal life, that all life responds to sympathetic culture, and that the whole earth is filled with interesting life which may reveal the source of all life—God. It has in it much more than a narration of her life with her flowers and birds; much of interest and charm in reminiscences connected with the human lives around her; but the special gift of the widely-gifted authoress, is her appreciation of the mysteries of the varied types of life, animate and inanimate, and her power of revealing these mysteries and giving to them the characteristics of a pleasing personality.

Parents and teachers everywhere should read Mrs. Traill's book, to catch from it her love of the spirit of nature, in order that they may learn the importance of developing that active productive love in childhood everywhere. The child who has not this love developed in its life, is essentially weakened in spiritual power, and robbed of many of its best opportunities for pure, uplifting and soul-satisfying enjoyment. He is the richest man whose dewdrops are diamonds, and who owns most of the gold of the sunset. He is a happy man in whose ear the bird song awakes the universal harmony, and to whom the flower life reveals the law of growth from within, ending with external beauty.

The secret of Mrs. Traill's love for the spirit of nature is explained by her description of her earliest years in England, where in the green lanes she made the acquaintance of the daisies and the larks. She deals with one of the most important departments of the training of children when she describes the little garden in the lane, cultivated by her sisters and herself.

"Within a short distance of the old house there was a narrow bridle-path which we called the "little lane." It was shut in from the main road, with which it ran parallel, by a quick-set hedge; on the other side were high sloping banks, the unfenced boundary of upland pastures.

On the grassy slopes grew tall oak trees and a tangled jungle of wild bushes, among which woodbine and sweet briar entwined, forming luxuriant bowers, beneath which all sorts of flowers grew in rich profusion.

This charming spot was our Eden. In it we laid out beds and planted a garden for ourselves. Like Canadian squatters, we took to ourselves right of soil, and made a free settlement *sans cérémonie*. The garden was laid out right daintily. The beds were planted with double daisies and many garden bulbs and flowers discarded or begged from the gardener's parterres. A hollow in the bank was fashioned into a grotto, which we lined with moss and decorated with dry, striped snail-shells and bright stones.

Our garden tools were of the rudest—

our trowel a rusty iron ladle, our spade a broken-bladed carving-knife, and we daily watered the flowers from a battered tin tea-pot and a leaky japanned mug. But in spite of these unhandy implements, the garden throve and blossomed in the wilderness."

Ruskin says: "all evil springs from unused good." It would perhaps be better to say "from misused good." The very spirit of love for flower beauty may, if misdirected, make children selfish, and thereby debase instead of ennoble them. If children are allowed to pull the wild flowers in the woods without restraint they will do so merely to gratify a sensuous desire to possess the thing that gives them pleasure. Persistence in such a course must result in evil. It makes children careless about the destruction of life, and reverence for life is a most important part of a child's training. It trains them to believe that desire should lead to possession, a most immoral principle that all training should counteract instead of aiding in its development. Without such restraint liberty in the gratification of sensuous desires in childhood, leads to libertinism in the gratification of sensual desires in manhood. The boy who is allowed to destroy flower life to satisfy his desire, will be likely to sacrifice the rights of others for his own selfish gratification when he becomes a man. Self-restraint is one of the most essential of moral forces; self-indulgence, even in pure and beautiful things, is always destructive of character. This is especially true, when life of any kind is saved by the self-restraint or sacrificed by the self-indulgence.

How different is the result of the training which makes it a part of the work of each child to aid flower life to better growth; which shows the child that it may by proper culture and attention bring forth the living principle from the apparently dead seed and thus become the revealer of unseen life; which proves to the child that by enrichment and watering it may transform feeble life into vigorous life profuse in flowers and prolific in the germs of new life for future years. Destruction of flower life makes the child selfish; aiding in the development of flower life makes it conscious that it may help all life to a higher life. This knowledge is the germ of all spiritual growth.

TORONTO, ONT.

UNCHANGING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"I CHANGE not!" Words of love and truth, combining
To cheer our faith and make our weakness strong;
The darkness flies before their radiant shining,
And all our sorrowing is turned to song.

We grasp the promise in its strength and sweetness,
Smiling to think that fear had made us weep;
And, lulled to silence by its blest completeness,
Fear folds her sable wings, and falls asleep.

"I change not!" Lord, we need no other token
That Thou to us wilt ever faithful be;
If but one word of love had e'er been spoken,
That word had proved Thy love's eternity.

VICTORIA, B.C.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE SHORE.

THAT "Where do you board?" coming at the end of their improvised and very jolly little picnic, recalled Faith to herself and her disasters. A shadow fell over her.

"Nowhere," she responded. "I am not a summer visitor; I live here."

"So! why, I didn't know anybody lived here regularly."

"I do; so you see you were mistaken."

Kenneth was surprised at the statement and at the sudden change of manner. He had observed nothing unusual in this damsel's dress; folks dressed as they chose at that sequestered beach. She was surely a lady; the delicate skin, the fine hands, the tones of her voice, her language, all indicated that. He looked at her puzzled.

Faith meanwhile picked up her lace and went to work with vigour. "I've been wasting my time," she said; "and if that little boy stays out late, he may get cold in his feet."

"Late!" said Kenneth. "Why, it is not three yet."

"It is quite time he was at home," said Faith, resolved to compensate for overgraciousness in the picnic by sharpness now.

"You ll have to carry me on your back, Ken," said Richard the spoiled. "Put my shoes and stockings in the lunch basket and strap it on my back, and then you carry me, and we'll be three stories high, you and me and the basket."

Faith worked and vouchsafed no advice.

Kenneth made his preparations for departure. Pursuing his homeward way, trudging through the heavy sand with this Old Man of the Sea perched on his shoulders, Kenneth felt no inclination for conversation; but when Richard was finally handed over to his mother there was no need for questions. The youngster's loquacity broke out:

"You ought to see her, mamma! She cut out the hooks just as good as Uncle Doctor! And she never minded my hollerin' one mite. She made me laugh, too, she said such funny things. We played I was a prince and she was a mermaid, and she gave me things to eat and a bed of seaweed, and shells to play with, and told me lots—'bout things that live in the sea. She knows more'n you do, mamma, 'bout some things. She's awful pretty, isn't she, Ken? And she lives here and she says she's poor folks, but you'll like her—I'm sure you will. She's very religious, and she's mentioned in the Bible."

"What!" cried Ken and Mrs. Parvin.

"She is!" insisted Richard, "in the verse I had las' Sunday: 'Now abideth these three: Faith, Hope, an' Charity.' She's Faith,—she said so,—an' I asked her 'bout the other two, Hope an' Charity, an' she said they lived up at her house *always*."

"Fortunate creature!" cried Kenneth.

"You'll go see her, mamma, with me?" urged Richard.

"Yes, indeed. She has put her handkerchief about your foot. When it comes from the wash we will take it back to her, and thank her for her goodness to my little boy."

Ken said nothing, but he meant to take back that shabby little kerchief himself.

Accordingly, when the laundress had brought back her work, Kenneth assured his aunt that she was very unlikely to find Richard's

mermaid on the beach; the way was long, the sand soft and very hard to walk in; he could take the handkerchief, and might perhaps see the young lady some time.

His way of casual meeting was to go to the rocky bower several times, but he always found it empty. Finally, one evening, he was fortunate, but not at the rock house. It was a little farther down the beach, beyond the tongue of rocks, and she sat on low pile of driftwood. Her hands were clasped in her lap, and she looked far away, Evangeline-like. She was but young, we know, and the present held little but trouble, and she lived on hopes. She was looking for her ships to sail out of far distant waters and bring her the good things of life. Letty, from her window in the house on the beach, also looked into the distance for joys that were to come, but Letty knew that her joys were not to be harvested in this world; she looked for them in a city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God.

The sea was brimming like an overfull cup. Against highest tide mark the lazy waves slowly curled in semicircles of foam, and the light breeze carried their silver fringes up the tawny reach of sand. The setting sun gilded the little pools of tide water collected in hollows; great fishing shallops were hurrying home, looking like birds stooping low over the water, each one lifting a wide white wing.

Faith had been to the village. Her father, adept in bookkeeping, made up the books of some of the village merchants; the principal of the High School also sent him out Greek and Latin exercises and the seniors' essays to correct.

It was so unsafe for father to go to the village with its open grog-shops, that Faith usually went for the papers and returned them when finished. Using such precautions, father might remain in his right mind for some weeks and earn his share of the household expenses, while peace reigned in the little house on the beach. Faith was returning now with a parcel of books and papers. They were heavy, and she dropped them on the dry sand and sat on the driftwood to rest. Moreover, her keen eyes detected far out on the water a tiny boat with a triangular sail, weather-stained, but with a new white patch on the peak. She had sewed that patch in herself. That was their little boat, *The Goblin*, and it boded no good that father appeared to have been looking after his lobster pots and to have been to the distant wharf. He was apt to be treated at the wharf. Faith sat down to wait for him, and there Kenneth found her. He made haste when he saw from afar the erect, graceful figure in the blue flannel gown, and the mass of golden hair under the round aureole-like rim of the blue hat.

"I have been looking for you," said Kenneth, pulling off his cap and bowing as to a princess. "I wanted to give back your handkerchief which you tied on my little cousin's foot. His mother thanks you so much for your kindness to him."

"She is welcome," said Faith, pocketing the kerchief with a little flush at its cheapness. Faith was sensitive.

"What a charming evening and scene!" said Kenneth, seating himself on the sand at a respectful distance from the driftwood. "My little cousin is very anxious to be allowed to come up here and renew his acquaintance with you, Miss—I—may I ask your name?"

"I should think you would know it without question," said Faith. "Don't you read your Shakespeare and the notes? 'Green and yellow Melancholy' sitting on the sand by the seashore. There is my name and description."

"Until now," said Kenneth, boldly, "I never met Melancholy, and I did not know she would be so pleasing."

"You could not expect to have had all your experiences so early in life," said Faith, looking at him with an expression of severe middle age.

"People who live in New York," said Kenneth, "are generally accused of living so rapidly as to use up all that there is in life very soon."

"In New York?" said Faith with sudden interest—then checked herself. But that word New York had chained her. Possibly this young man might, if he rambled on freely in conversation, mention names that she wished to hear — her Uncle Wharton and her brother Hugh. Oh, what joy would flame in Letty's eyes if she could go back and say, "I met on the beach a young man from New York, and he has seen our Hugh. He says our brother is well and strong and handsome and happy and educated and good and free—free from the family curse!"

Faith was given to this sudden construction of castles out of a mere word. She forgot the package of books and papers, forgot the incoming *Goblin*, forgot her dislike of golden youths; she listened in silence while Kenneth talked his best. For his part, he was glad to talk without being rebuffed.

And really his talk was so fresh and entertaining, it gave glimpses into so much happier life than she had known, that Faith was beguiled and forgot the time and the place; and now the little boat had drawn in by the tongue of rocks and its occupant was pulling down the sail. Kenneth took out his glass. "What's this? Little black craft with white line—*The Goblin*—eerie kind of name."

Faith was recalled to the present. What should she do or say to make this lad go away? Why had she allowed him to stay and talk with her? She could not speak or move; the nightmare of her home had seized her.

"The good man had better look out for himself," said Kenneth; "he has evidently been indulging in the inebriating cup."

"That is my father down there."

Her cheeks burned crimson, her bosom rose in pride and pain.

Kenneth was confounded; oh, what had he said!

Faith sprang up. She forgot the parcel of books. Yes; that was her father with *The Goblin*, and evidently he had been drinking. A little liquor made him loquacious and self-asserting, full of vague memories of the past and rebellious against the present. She must hurry away; she could not face him and hear him before a stranger.

"I must go home," she said excitedly.

"But where is your home?" asked Kenneth.

"Where I live," said Faith blandly, with a level glance that rebuked his presumption.

But Kenneth had meant no presumption. He was vexed that he had directed attention to this unhappy father, and now he only wanted to say something that should cover up that hasty speech and make it seem that it was of no importance and had passed out of his mind.

Faith, however, turned, and walked rapidly away.

Women, old and young, had always liked the genial, manly, courteous Kenneth, and he could not understand while he was failing so dreadfully with Richard's mermaid. He had better stay where he was until she was out of sight, and not seem to spy or pursue her. Strange this, so ladylike and beautiful, knowing Shakespeare and Butler and what not, and claiming this man who with uncertain steps was coming along the ledge of rock, for her father. Ralph Kemp had seen Faith and Kenneth sitting on the beach.

Ralph was in just the condition when he talked most, lamenting over his past, and when he wished to impress upon all about him his original and proper position, and be

judged by that and not by what he now was. Besides, here was a complete stranger talking to his beautiful Faith. Parents should know the people who talked to their daughters. His beautiful Faith had no mother; her father was her only protector; so, uncertain and astray in mind as in steps, he turned toward the place where Kenneth was still sitting.

"I saw my daughter here. Has she gone?" he said ruling himself with effort, and even the state he was in did not destroy the gentleman's mien and pure pronunciation.

"She has left a parcel here," said Kenneth, reaching for the books and papers.

Ralph Kemp sat down; he felt dizzy and queer standing. He took the parcel and looked at it bitterly. "Young man," he said severely, "I am fifty-eight years old. I have been one of the most distinguished students in my class at Yale." He undid the parcel. "To me Greek and Latin have been like a mother tongue. And here, in the prime of my life, I make a mere wretched pittance correcting these miserable schoolboy exercises and themes."

"Yes," said Kenneth, glancing at the papers held towards him; "but I don't know that I could correct that Greek and Latin with any precision, and I'm only two years out of college. But then I fear I did not distinguish myself. I just kept along about the middle of my class."

"It is terrible," said Ralph Kemp, "how young men neglect their opportunities. Young man, we shall be called to account for the use we make of our opportunities."

"A man of your abilities," said Kenneth with courtesy and deep commiseration, "ought to have a wider field for his talents than this."

"I had one," said Kemp sedately; "I had one and I lost it."

"That was unfortunate."

"Unfortunate! It was criminal. Young man, we shall be held to account for the manner in which we throw away our advantages. When I consider my criminality in that regard I wonder if this sea is wide enough to wash my soul white. It is not. No floods suffice to wash out moral wrongs. Take warning by me. I have fallen by wine."

"Now that you know what it does," said Kenneth, "why not rise up and get the better of it? Bowl the wine over and go on to what you used to be."

"That is impossible. The Portland vase was mended, but a wrecked character is another matter. I could not get back the opportunities, the high positions I once held, because now I have lost the better part of myself—reputation. You remember that Cassio says: 'Reputation, reputation, reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.' No! I have fallen like Lucifer, the son of the morning. I have been in Eden, the Garden of God, and now I am cast out as 'an abominable branch.'"

"As you quote Scripture so well," said Kenneth simply, "perhaps you may remember these other words, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well.'"

"Repentance is hid from mine eyes," said Kemp. "The time is gone by. Do you know your Milton? What does the great archangel say?—'To be weak is miserable.' I was weak—morally weak. What does De Quincey say? That 'the sight of a family ruin wrought by crime is more appalling than Babylon in ruins; and not a day passes over our heads but some families are swallowed up in ruin themselves, or their course is turned out of the sunny beams in a dark wilderness.' So it is with me and mine. Once we were honoured, happy, and prosperous; now we are cast like this wreck

and pile of driftwood, a humiliated, despised family, sheltered in that little, paintless cabin up there above the beach."

Kenneth had found out now where she lived! and he felt like a criminal, receiving from her babbling parent the knowledge she had withheld from him. Here, overthrown by wine, was a mind that had shone with no little brilliancy. If the years had gone on in garnering rather than in wasting, what might not this man have been? And how acute must be the pain of that ruin, dimly seen and chargeable to self, as this fallen man lived contrasting the present with the past and setting what he had become over against what he might have been!

Perhaps some of these thoughts had been taking shape in Ralph Kemp's mind. "I might have served you, and other young men like you, as a teacher," he said. "You might have hung on my instructions as the young men of Greece on the words of Socrates and Plato. But now I serve only as a warning. Young man, be warned! I have a son—or, I had a son. He was taken from me for fear I should demoralize him. I was not considered safe even as a warning. It is a hard fate when a father is not a fit custodian for his child. He is in New York now, I suppose; Hugh Kemp, and he lives with his uncle, Tom Wharton, a man not half my equal in brains or acquirements—but also without my skill in self-destruction.

"If you see my son Hugh, tell him that a light-house is set up on the beach to keep ships away from itself, not to call them to it. I'm a light-house; I show him where not to come. Tell Tom Wharton I hate him." Ralph Kemp was getting maudlin.

"Suppose I carry your books for you, and give you my arm for part of the way home?" suggested Kenneth. Not for anything would he go near the little house and further crush that proud young girl by his knowledge of her father's state.

But as they walked along slowly, Ralph stopping at times to talk sense and nonsense, to quote Greek and Latin and English classics, there came down the beach a figure with the long dress of a woman and the height of a child, bareheaded, sad-eyed.

"Father, I have come to walk home with you."

"Had I better carry the books a little farther?" asked Kenneth.

"No; he can take them, and if he puts them down I can carry them; they are not too heavy," said Letty.

There was such pathos in her face and tone that Kenneth cried impulsively:

"Poor child! This is too hard for you!"

"I think not," said Letty. "God never sends more than we can bear."

"Is it right to charge such things to God?" asked Kenneth. "I think we are too ready to accuse God for what is human sin."

"I don't accuse God," said Letty. "I only know that this has come into my life, and I did nothing to bring it in; but I find I have a duty to do, and I try to do it, and when it grows too hard for me, then it will end."

"How will it end?" asked Kenneth.

"I do not know. God knows. He has His way marked out plainly, and all that I have to do is to go on, straight on—

> " 'Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
> To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more.'

It will all be 'as a dream when one awaketh,' and 'as a watch in the night.'"

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE nature of a minister's work explains the necessity for special ministerial training. He is, above all things, to be a preacher of the Gospel. It is his great duty to expound the oracles of God—to unfold, explain, and enforce the teachings of Holy Scripture. The Bible is his text-book. In it he must be thoroughly versed.

Let us think for a moment of the nature of that book. It consists of no less than sixty-six separate treatises, written by about forty different persons. They were written at different periods during some sixteen hundred years,—from about three thousand four hundred years ago to about eighteen hundred years ago, in many different countries, from Assyria and Palestine on the east to the Grecian Islands and Italy on the west. They were subject to all the various influences of these distant and different times, places, and circumstances. They were affected in their form by the surroundings of civilization long since extinct, and were written in languages which have for ages ceased to be spoken among men. The grammatical forms of those extinct languages are often complex and obscure, and their rich copiousness it is often difficult to express in modern speech. They abound in allusions to unfamiliar surroundings, customs, and conditions of society, and in many bold and striking figures of Oriental poetry. They interlace, in many places, with profane history, and find much support and illustration in ancient secular writings, monuments, medals, inscriptions, and ruins. They go back to the early dawn of time, and reach forward to the final consummation of all things. They treat of the most profound and important problems of the universe—our relations to the infinite and the eternal —on which depend our everlasting happiness. They treat, also, the great questions which in all ages have engaged the minds of men—the origin, constitution, and government of the universe; the nature of man, his duties, responsibilities, and destiny. And around these books have been fought, through the ages, the fiercest wars of controversy, and never fiercer than at the present time.

It is the study, the comprehension, the exposition, the defence of these books that is the especial work of the Christian minister. Can any preparation be too great for this important task? Can any aids be rejected? May any labour be spared in seeking its accomplishment? We presuppose, of course, the moral qualifications for this work—that the man has felt the power of this Divine revelation in his own soul, that he has bowed his heart to its teachings, that he has ordered his life in accordance therewith, that he feels himself called of God to the sacred office of preaching His Holy Word. We speak now of the intellectual and educational qualifications for that work.

In the first place, the preacher should have as full a knowledge as it is possible for him to obtain, of the original languages in which the Bible was written. Our English translation, it is true, is admirable; and commentators and Biblical critics, learned and able, have given the result of their profoundest studies and researches to the world. Their labours are of immense advantage to him who would wisely expound the sacred text. But no aid from others can supersede the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the original tongues of Scripture. They throw a light on many passages that nothing else can give. And

this knowledge is often necessary to enable the student to receive the full advantage even of the comments and exegeses to which he may have access.

A Professor, whose duty it was to lecture on the philosophy of Plato or of Aristotle, of Descartes or of Comte, would think himself ill-equipped for his task unless he could read the very words of the author he was to expound, and become saturated with his thoughts, and thoroughly understand the genius of the language in which they were uttered. And is not at least equally careful preparation necessary for the man who is set for the defence of the Gospel as its public teacher and expositor?

THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.
Educational Secretary of the Methodist Church.

God gloriously owns and honours holy evangelists, like Moody and many another of lesser fame, who understand no language but their own; but these evangelists, however holy and successful, would feel that an immense advantage was given them could they read the original language of that Bible which they so profoundly study and so dearly love. The Gospel of God's grace, it is true, is so simple that a child may understand it, that wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. All things necessary to salvation are level to the comprehension of the most lowly and illiterate. But there are in the Scriptures, nevertheless, some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction. There are deep mysteries, there are dark sayings, there are hidden things, which only he who profoundly ponders those Scriptures can fully understand.

The study of formal and systematic theology, the symmetrical arrangement and grouping of Scripture truth, for its clearer apprehension and communication, is an important part of ministerial education, and cannot be prosecuted too carefully for successful ministerial work. So also is the history of Scriptural doctrine and Church polity, of the rise and growth of heresy, the arguments by which it may be met and confuted, and the defence of our grand Arminian theology as opposed to the elaborate systems which are supported by some of the greatest names in the history of the Church. Nor should the laws of the human mind and of its processes of thought, the abstract and difficult subjects of metaphysics and logic, be neglected by him who would seek to convince

the judgment, to arouse the conscience, to move the feelings, and to reason of temperance, righteousness, and a judgment to come. The study of homiletics and of the correct principles of Scripture interpretation; and the laws of rhetoric, the secret of convincing speech, of the art of persuasion, and of the physical act of public speaking with pleasure and profit to his hearers, and with ease and comfort to himself, is an important part of the training even of the man most richly endowed with intellectual abilities and Christian graces.

Then, there are false teachers abroad, teachers of strange doctrines and dangerous heresies, who profess to derive their doctrines from the Word of God. They get the ear of the people; they make a show of learning; they often beguile many to their ruin. We need, therefore, to try the spirits whether they are of God. We must try them by the touch-stone of His Word. We must controvert their false interpretations by the demonstration of the true meaning of that Word. Shall the scoffer, and the sceptic, and the false teacher be learned in the Scriptures for the purpose of their subversion, and shall not the Christian minister, if Providence but grant the opportunity, be equally learned for their defence, for the refutation of error, for the establishment of the truth?

Moreover, the religious teacher should possess all that he can of that secular knowledge which illustrates and confirms the Holy Scriptures; the history of the ancient world and the vanished civilizations amid which the Bible was cradled, and from which it derived much of its local colouring and character—Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. He should study the geography of these Bible lands; the institutions, beliefs, and customs of their inhabitants; their physical aspect, climate, soil, and productions —animal and vegetable. These all throw light upon the sacred text, confirm its truth, and often explain difficulties and settle doubts.

Then, he should not be ignorant of the wonderful revelations and discoveries of modern science. If he ignore or scoff at these, some of which are as well established as any branch of human knowledge can be, need he wonder if the scientific sceptic will ignore or scoff at the inspired basis of Christian belief? Unhappily, the Church and its public teachers have often opposed the revelations of science, and have been worsted in the encounter with its truths. Thus a disastrous divorce has taken place between those whom God would make one—religious and scientific truth—twin revelations of the same great Father of Lights. Hence science has often become arrogant and infidel, and has been found fighting against God, instead of on His side, where its true allegiance lies. The preacher of the Gospel cannot be expected to be the scientific *savant,* but he should at least have an intelligent apprehension of scientific theories before he attempts to confute them. Sometimes the pulpit has been guilty of caricatures and attempted refutations of Spencer, Tyndall, Darwin, and Huxley, which were calculated to produce only shame and sorrow, or disgust and indignation. They betrayed either gross ignorance or flagrant dishonesty—ignorance of the real teaching of the men denounced, or dishonest perversion of those teachings. More intimate mutual acquaintance, and greater candour and fairness, can alone bridge the abyss between the two divisions of the great army of truth —religion and science—can alone enable them to advance, side by side, for the dispelling of darkness and overthrow of error, instead of engaging in fratricidal conflict with each other—for are they not both sons of the great God and Father of truth?

The Christian minister, therefore, so far as he has opportunity, should "intermeddle with all wisdom," giving due prominence, of course, to that more immediately affecting his own proper work—the saving of souls. Few, perhaps none, can attain this high ideal; but all should none the less earnestly strive after it.

"But," it is sometimes objected, "the pioneer heroes of Methodism, the saddle-bag preachers, who were like John the Baptist, a voice crying in the wilderness, and were yet clothed with the spirit and power of Elias—the glorious men who endured toil and travail and trial, and won grand triumphs for the cause of God—these were not learned men, yet never were more powerful preachers or more successful men in the work of the ministry."

True it is, these heroic souls had fewer advantages than we now possess; but we are inclined to think that they often made better use of those that they possessed. Many of them had an eager thirst for knowledge. They read much, pondered deeply, and used wisely what they read.* And in the early years of Methodism in this land, when the fountains of knowledge were a sealed spring to all except the adherents of a dominant Church, though poor in this world's goods, yet rich in faith, they evinced their love of sound learning, by founding and supporting, out of their narrow means, the infant University of Victoria College, which has rendered incalculable service to our Church and to the country from that day to this. They had no jealousy of learning, these noble-hearted men; but laboured earnestly to procure for their successors in the ministry the advantages which, with a godly avarice, they coveted on their behalf.

So also the wisest and most thoughtful men of Methodism, in all its branches, and of nearly every other Church in the Old World and the New, have endeavoured to establish "schools of the prophets," institutions for the training of young men for the important and responsible work of the Christian ministry.

And if this necessity has long been felt in the Church, it is more than ever felt now. The growing intelligence of the times, the increased diffusion of knowledge, the critical, if not sceptical, spirit of the age, demand that the standard of ministerial education be not lowered, but that, if possible, it be raised still higher. The very highest culture that can be given young men will not unfit them, as is sometimes feared, for the roughest and hardest fields of labour. In our own work it will be found that a very large proportion of the volunteers for the most arduous fields of missionary toil are from the students in our theological institutions, and none are more devoted labourers in those fields than they. Our young men are anxious, eager, to avail themselves of the advantages of our institutions. They are willing to endure privations, to exercise self-denial, in order to do so. They feel that one very important condition of success in their life-labour is an ample preparation for the discharge of its duties. They feel that the broadest and most liberal culture

* A notable example of this among Wesley's lay helpers was Thomas Walsh, an Irish Romanist, who, though dying young, acquired a critical knowledge of English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. "He could tell," says Wesley, "not only how often any word occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in every place." Hebrew was his especial delight, as "the language in which God first spoke to man." He rose at four, till the close of his life, to read it upon his knees. "How worthy a study," he exclaims, "whereby a man is enabled to converse with God, to unfold to men the mind of God, from the language of God." His memory was a concordance of the entire Bible. Such an extraordinary master of Biblical knowledge as this man of God, says Wesley, he had never seen before, and he never expected to see again.

that they can receive is not in excess of the requirements of the sacred task—is necessary to command the confidence and respect of the public, and to prevent a painful feeling of ignorance of many important branches of human knowledge, and of self-distrust before the adversaries of the truth. Shall the Church, to whose service these young men offer their lives, send them forth to the conflict with error and sin, ill-equipped for the warfare, crippled by a humbling sense of inferiority in the presence of the highly-cultured and well-educated men and women to whom, as well as to the lowly and unlearned, they shall be called to minister?

We are persuaded that the reverse of this is the case, and that our people desire that those who minister to them in holy things, their religious teachers and the teachers of their households, the men who are to interpret and expound to them the life-lessons of God's Word, shall be men fully qualified for their sacred office. They require in the lawyer who attends to their worldly affairs, in the physician who seeks to cure their bodily ailments, in the teacher who instructs in secular knowledge their children, a special and adequate preparation for the functions they are to perform. Still less, we are persuaded, will they commit the very highest interests of the Church of God to untrained and unqualified men, and jeopardize thereby its future welfare. Our Church has provided in its theological institutions the means for the training of the candidates for its ministry. It asks the hearty co-operation and support of its entire laity in this important work. Let the educational meetings, soon to be held on all our circuits, be a grand success. Let them have the presence, the prayers, the sympathy, the earnest efforts of all our people. A much greater interest than has hitherto, in some places, been manifested in these meetings, and an income at least double that which has as yet been received, are necessary, in order to sustain, in any proper degree of efficiency, these institutions.

We have confined ourself in these remarks to the human side of the preparation for the work of the ministry. We do not forget that the preparation of the heart is from the Lord. That Divine call and holy anointing are recognized as the great pre-requisite—without which the richest mental endowments, the highest literary attainments, the broadest and most liberal culture are but profitless and vain. Though the man speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though he have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, yet without the Divine and consecrating gift of charity, the burning love of God and Christ constraining him, he is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But having bestowed this Heavenly gift, God expects His Church to furnish the special training and intellectual culture necessary to prepare those labourers, whom the Lord of the harvest sends forth into the harvest fields whitening on every side, that they may bring in rich sheaves into the garner at the day of His coming.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant, what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, under the editorship of Rev. W. L. Watkinson, has been greatly popularized and is enlarged from January, 1895.

Increased attention is being paid to Home Missions. There are nine mission centres in Manchester, worked by a staff of ministers, sisters, lay agents and others, numbering in all twenty-four. Open-air services were held during the summer months, some of which were numerously attended. The Free Trade Hall is occupied on Sunday evenings by a congregation numbering 4,000 persons. A large theatre in the same locality has been occupied. At least 10,000 people are being brought under the influence of the Mission workers, who have 3,000 children in the Sunday-schools, and 2,000 persons meet in class. Social work is prominent in the Mission. Men's Home and Labour Yard, the Girls' Home and the Casual Ward and Night Shelter are some of the auxiliaries of the Mission.

The Sans Street Mission, Sunderland, is described as "a place where the strong man keeps his palace." Within a radius of 300 yards, "there are two big breweries, fifty-one public-houses, and over thirty other places of evil resort. The chapel, which is the headquarters of the Mission, is one of the oldest in the North of England. The Right Hon. H. H. Fowler was born in the parsonage, when his father, the Rev. Joseph Fowler, was superintendent of the circuit.

London is greatly cared for in Mission work. There is a unique Mission, known as the "Bermondsey Settlement," amid a population of 150,000. The labourers are mostly university graduates, who are using every means in their power to lift up the people and make them better citizens in every sense of the term.

An Anglican missioner conducted an eight days' mission in the parish church at Chapel-en-le-Frith, and one evening the vicar asked the Wesleyan minister of the town to lead in prayer. The missioner and the curate afterwards visited their Wesleyan brother and they had prayer together.

Rev. Dr. T. B. Stephenson, who has charge of the Children's Home, London, reports that there are 900 children in residence in the Home and its branches; 2,250 have been trained and sent out to situations, and 3,450 have been received into the Home. There are 7 shelters, 3 hospitals, 6 schools, 3 chapels, 2 mission halls, 1 convalescent home, an emigration home, 3 training farms and 27 houses, filled with orphans and outcast children. There is great need of financial help.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The statistics for the year 1894 have just been published. The total membership, clerical and lay, is 2,698,309; net increase, 157,784.

The number of itinerant ministers, including 18 bishops, is 16,850.

The losses by death for the year were: ministers, 245; laity, 33,577.

The total number of itinerant and local preachers is 31,661, a gain during the year of 731—an average net gain of over 14 preachers per week.

Of the total lay membership 2,359,972 have been received into full connection, and 321,621 are probationers—a total net gain of 157,568; an average per week of 3,030.

There were 145,235 adults baptized and 93,107 children, a total of 238,542; an increase of 36,908 over the previous year.

The Sunday-school statistics show 29,559 schools with 339,024 officers and teachers, and 2,501,917 scholars—a net increase of 1,167 schools, 12,974 officers and teachers, and 90,392 scholars. Including officers, teachers and scholars there is a net increase for 1894 of 103,176, nearly 2,000 a week.

The number of churches (church edifices not including other places of worship) is 24,914—a net gain of 370, or over 7 per week. The total number of parsonages is 9,578—a net gain of 218, or over 4 per week.

The total cost value of the churches and parsonages is $126,132,541—a net increase for the year of $5,177,493—an

average net gain of about $100,000 per week. The total indebtedness on church and parsonage property aggregates $10,833,891.

A new Japanese Methodist church, to cost $8,000, is in process of erection in San Francisco.

Rev. H. W. Peck, of California Conference, has organized a church in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Ground has been broken for the new St. Paul's church, in New York City, which will cost about $200,000.

A church and parsonage, bearing the honoured name of Embury, have been erected in Brooklyn. At the dedication of the church, Mr. George Heck, sen., of Prescott, Ontario, Canada, a grandson of Barbara Heck; and Wm. C. Embury, of Belleville, Ontario, a descendant of Philip Embury, were present and took part in the dedicatory services.

The annual meeting of the Board of Education was held in December. The receipts for the year, including collections, returned loans, and all other sources was $84,339.78. The Board aided during the year 1,539 students of 24 different nationalities, in 138 institutions of learning. Of these students, 1,138 were preparing for the ministry or for missionary work: 233 were women. The entire number of students aided from the beginning in 1873 to July, 1894, is 5,930, to the amount of $531,071. All aid is extended in the form of a loan upon easy terms.

A correspondent writing in one of the *Christian Advocates* says the deficiency of income in the Missionary Society has increased the debt of $170,000, but, "instead of recalling some of the missionaries the Board has resolved to make an earnest appeal to the Church to meet the deficit and supplement this amount largely, right in the face of the "hard times."

Rev. Stephen R. Beggs is one of the oldest ministers in harness in the United States. He belongs to the Rock River Conference. He is ninety-three years of age and "sound in mind, wind and limb."

During Bishop Newman's European tour he dedicated in Rome an institute for girls, a building large, substantial and five stories high. This is the first property owned in Italy by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Dr. Hoss, in a friendly letter to Chaplain McCabe, says that the past year has been the most prosperous in the history of the Church in the South. Some of the Conferences report very large increases; probably in all there have been accessions aggregating 250,000, so that the year 1895 will open with a membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of 1,500,000 strong.

Dr. Hoss further says: "The best of all is that our people are growing more religious. I feel perfectly sure that there are more God-fearing Methodists south of the Ohio than at any previous time."

The magnificent sum of $1,100,000, given by the late Robert A. Barnes for the purpose of founding a hospital in St. Louis, Mo., has been turned over to trustees. This is believed to be the largest bequest ever received in the Church. Well has it been asked, "what heathen or infidel left Mr. Barnes an example of unselfishly administering to the poor and needy?"

Methodist New Connexion.

The Centenary Fund is exciting great interest and promises to yield a much larger income than was anticipated at the commencement of the movement; $300,000 was fixed as the amount hoped for. Already $400,000 has been pledged.

The Sunday-school scholars, of whom there are 85,000, are making a "Centenary Penny Collection," which will amount to a good sum before the centenary is celebrated.

A new church has been erected in Leeds to take the place of the first erection, which was fifty years ago. The cost of the new edifice will be $15,000, towards which more than $8,000 was secured before the opening.

Some of the circuits have invited their ministers to remain a fourth and some a fifth year.

Primitive Methodist.

A splendid block of property has been purchased in Aldersgate Street, London, for the new Book-Room Establishment. There are six floors, and the property, which was built ten years ago, is admirably suited for the business.

Great efforts are being made in several parts of the Connexion to reduce the church debts. Mr. W. P. Hartley, J.P., is taking an active part in the movement, both in contributing and by personal labour.

West Brighton was lately a fine object-lesson on Methodist union. There is no Wesleyan church in the town. An arrangement has been made with the Primi-

tive Methodists for the two congregations to worship in their church. The two Sunday-schools are worked together, the weekly collections are divided, but both Churches hold their separate class meetings.

Bible Christian.

The Connexional Executive has met and given its approval to the decisions of the brethren in Australia in regard to Methodist Union.

Rev. W. A. Grist, missionary-elect to China, has not yet sailed in consequence of the war, but in the meantime he is studying classical Chinese under Dr. Legge at Oxford.

Negotiations are in progress for the purchase of "Billy Bray's Memorial House," at Twelve-heads, Cornwall.

A new church has been dedicated at Birmingham; increased congregations and frequent conversions are reported.

Methodist Church.

A new organ has lately been erected in Grace church, Winnipeg, and on the day of opening $1,500 was contributed towards the cost. The old organ has been purchased for the Portage la Prairie church.

There is great need for increased contributions to the Missionary Fund, seeing that there is no probability of the missionaries on Domestic Missions receiving more than $500 for all purposes. These brethren are the poorest paid men in Methodism. If the Sustentation Fund had a large sum at its disposal, they might obtain some assistance from it.

It will be seen from the following that the Deaconess' Society in Toronto is alive and active. During the month of December, 34 visits were made to the sick, 150 missionary calls were made, 96 papers and tracts were distributed; also, 37 garments and 37 baskets of food were given; 22 visits were made to Sunday-schools.

A meeting of the Committee of Consultation and Finance in connection with the Missionary Society was recently held. The report of the secretary relative to his late visit to British Columbia and the North-West was considered. The Chinese and Indian missions were mostly visited. The Indian institute at Chilliwhack has over eighty pupils and others are seeking admission. The institute at Deer River is too small. Additional buildings are wanted immediately. The institute at Brandon is ready for occupancy.

The Students' Missionary Society of Victoria College is in good working order. It is proposed to raise a scholarship of the annual value of $300 to defray the expense of a Japanese student or the special training of a missionary probationer for the work in Japan.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Anson W. Cummings, D.D., LL.D., one of the most prominent superannuate ministers of the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, departed this life December 6, 1894, aged eighty years. He was a Canadian by birth, and became a Methodist near Brockville. He was well known to the fathers of Methodism in Canada. His removal to the United States did not make him cease to take interest in Canadian affairs. He occasionally visited our conferences. He was a prominent teacher in the South for about thirty years.

Rev. W. C. Willing, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died December 11th, 1894. He was educated for the legal profession, but after some years' practice, he abandoned it for the ministry. He was a frequent contributor to Church periodicals. His wife, who was sister to Bishop Fowler, could also wield a vigorous pen.

Rev. W. H. Hall, M.D., a Canadian, and graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, went as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Corea. When the war broke out between Japan and China, he identified himself with medical missionary work in the army. He witnessed several engagements, and it is believed that the exposures to which he was subjected brought on the typhus fever from which he died. He was little more than thirty years of age when he was called to rest.

The death of the venerable David Griffith, Archdruid of Wales, at the age of ninety-four, is announced. In his youth he was a Wesleyan local preacher, and possessed literary and poetic talent of a high order.

Bishop Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in this country, died at Newburg, N.Y., Dec. 21st, at the age of seventy-five. He was born in slavery at Winchester, Va., Dec. 20th, 1818. He ran away at the age of sixteen. He was nineteen years old before he learned to read and write. He became a preacher in 1841. He was a regularly educated physician. He was elected a bishop in 1876.

FOR JESUS CHRIST, HIS SAKE.

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON.

LORD, in the spring of early years,
When life is gay with flowers,
And smiles are mingled with our tears,
As sun with April showers;
While we have still a name to win,
A fortune yet to make,
O keep us from the ways of sin,
For Jesus Christ, His sake.

Lord, in the summer of our life,
Still help us to endure,
And may the battle and the strife
But tend to keep us pure.
The burden and the heat of day
For Thee we undertake;
God bless our toil! and this we pray
For Jesus Christ, His sake.

Lord, when the years of autumn come
With blended joy and pain,
And glad we bear the harvest home—
Our sheaves of garnered grain.
Thus, when we bring our scanty hoard,
In trust, for Thee to take,
Accept and own our service, Lord,
For Jesus Christ, His sake.

Lord, in the winter of our age,
Sustain us with Thy love
To wait until the closing page—
And then a home above;
A little while in patient prayer,
Until the day shall break;
We know our names are written there
For Jesus Christ, His sake.

Lord, in the mystery of death,
Oh, grant us swift release,
And each succeeding, failing breath
Shall bring us nearer peace;
And when, with trembling steps, alone
The "valley" road we take,
Then guide us to the Great White Throne
For Jesus Christ, His sake.

DORSET, Ont.

Book Notices.

The Church and the Roman Empire before A.D. 70. By W. M. RAMSAY, M.A., Professor of Humanity, Aberdeen University. With maps and illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xxii.–494. Price, $4.20.

The world will never grow weary of the study of the early years of Christianity. Hence there was still room for this addition to the already copious literature on this subject. The author is especially fitted for its treatment by his long travel and studies in Asia Minor, the scene of much of the labours of the Apostle Paul and his successors.

The method of the book is in strict accord with the scientific spirit of the age. The author employs all the aid of archæology, topography and numismatics, for the study of early Christian history. The results, however, are far different from those of certain rationalistic German schools. The author affirms that their criticism often offends against critical method. True criticism must be sympathetic. In some German schools, he adds, there is a lack of that sympathy with the life and nature of the people. His conclusion is that in this case it is as gross an outrage on criticism to hold the books of the New Testament under review for second-century forgeries, as it would be to class the works of Horace and Virgil as forgeries of the time of Nero.

The story of these lands of early Christianity is one of peculiar sadness. Misrule and oppression and ignorance have blighted some of the fairest and most favoured regions on earth. The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia is departed. The Apocalyptic candlesticks are removed out of their places, and thick darkness has settled on the land. The ruins of Ephesus, Laodicea, and Sardis, re-echo not the Christian hymn, but the midnight cry of the wolf or jackal. Upon the sites of the other Churches the pagan fane and the Christian temple are alike superseded by the Turkish mosque. The scenes of the earliest and most glorious triumphs of the Christian faith have become a desolation.

Travels in Three Continents: Europe. Africa, Asia. By J. M. Buckley, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xviii.–614. Gilt top. Price, $3.50.

The accomplished and versatile editor of the *Christian Advocate*, New York, is one of the keenest of observers and most graphic of writers. We read with intense interest his letters of travel in the *Advocate*, and are glad to find them revised and extended in this beautiful and permanent form. We have travelled over nearly the whole of the journey recorded in these pages and can bear testimony to the photographic fidelity of the descriptions.

The route covers the most interesting regions in the world, the cradle lands of ancient empire—Spain, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey and South-eastern Europe. Dr. Buckley conveys an immense amount of information and impresses upon the narrative his own strong personality. For those who have visited these historic lands the book is an admirable *souvenir*. For stay-at-home travellers, who must do their touring by the fireside, it gives a vivid presentment of these foreign scenes, as viewed through remarkably alert and intelligent eyes.

The numerous full-page illustrations are of superior merit and admirably printed on plate-paper. The book possesses what many similar volumes have not—a first-class index, which adds greatly to its value. The publishers have surpassed themselves in the artistic and mechanical elegance of the volume.

Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier. By Samuel T. Pickard. In two volumes; pp. 808, with eight etched portraits and other illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $4.75.

Of the whole chorus of American poets, we think Whittier is the best beloved: While his poetry is not so mellifluous as Longfellow's, so literary as Lowell's, so humorous as Holmes', nor of such an elevated calm as Bryant's, yet it has an intense moral earnestness surpassing that of any of them. It was, we deem, a greater force than the embattled armies of the nation in breaking the shackles of the slave and bidding the oppressed go free.

It is pitiful to note that nearly his whole long life was one protracted struggle with physical infirmity, induced, largely, by the hard conditions of his childhood. In the austere New England of ninety years ago, the houses were cold, the winter clothing scanty and thin, the labour severe. The loan of a volume of Burns kindled in the heart of the rustic lad "a fire that grew not cold for seventy years." After scant schooling, some of it paid for by the gentle craft of St. Crispin—making slippers at eight cents a pair—he devoted himself to newspaper work in the cause of moral reform.

He had his literary and political ambitions, but in his early manhood he consecrated himself to the holy cause of liberty. A Voice spoke inly to his soul,

> "Do thy duty, now and ever,
> Dream no more of rest or stay,
> Give to freedom's great endeavour
> All thou art and hast to-day."

His heart replied,

> "Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
> Teacher sent from God, be near,
> Whispering through the day's cool silence,
> Let my Spirit hear."

And thenceforth, for half a century, he ceased not to prophesy against wrong.

This book is a revelation of the very soul of the man. The editor has wisely let the poet speak for himself by his letters to many friends of freedom, and by extracts from his private journals.

His voicing the wrongs of the slave brought him ostracism, persecution, menace and violence; yet like the great apostle, "he conferred not with flesh and blood." Like his Master, he walked his *via dolorosa* to his glorious reward. He "considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and beheld the tears of all such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressor there was power;" and he could not keep silence. His heart was hot within him, and like a Hebrew prophet he cried aloud and spared not till all the wrongs of slavery were overcome.

He had godly company in his moral crusade—noble women, like Lucy Larcom, the Carey sisters, Grace Greenwood and Mrs. Stowe; and men like our English Thompson, whose voice pealed like a trumpet through the land; Douglas, Lowell, Garrison, Longfellow and Sumner. These were the godly fellowship of this modern knight errantry which "rode abroad redressing human wrong."

At last, out of the Egypt of bondage, through a Red Sea of blood to the Canaan

of liberty, the oppressed nation of slaves were led by the pillar of cloud and of fire; and the poet of the slave sang his hymn of triumph:

"Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime;
Loud and long, that all may hear;
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time.

"Let us kneel!
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound?

"Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
'He has cast the mighty down,
Horse and rider sink and drown,
He hath triumphed gloriously!'"

The rest of his life was a quiet euthanasia, in honoured age, surrounded by "love, obedience, troops of friends," greeted with grateful tributes, not only from the greatest and best of his own land, but from beyond the sea—from Dom Pedro, John Bright, Alfred Tennyson and many others. His sunset of life was long, bright, happy and serene. His letters reveal to us his very soul. The almost penury of his youth, and years of struggle, give place to ample means for the exercise of his many charities.

Never was more modest man. When he received $10,000 from the sales of his "Snow Bound," and 20,000 copies of his "Tent on the Beach" were sold in twenty days, he wrote to his publisher: "This will never do! The swindle is awful! Barnum is a saint to us! I am overwhelmed with a sense of guilt—ashamed to look an honest man in the face."

He dwelt continually beneath the shadow of God's wing.

"I know not where thy islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I may not drift
Beyond thy love and care."

"There is nothing so sweet in the old Bible," he writes, "as the declaration 'God is love.'"

Mental Diseases. By DANIEL CLARK, M.D., Asylum for the Insane, Toronto. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 328. Price, $1.25 net.

Dr. Clark is no stranger to the readers of this MAGAZINE. His welcome contributions to its pages on experiences in an insane asylum and other subjects have attracted wide attention. Dr. Clark is recognized as one of the most distinguished alienists on this continent. His reputation has won for him the presidency of the American Medico-Psychological Association, and the vice-presidency of the New York Medico-Legal Society. This book is a synopsis of a course of lectures delivered at the hospital for the insane to the graduating medical classes. The subject is one of deep and practical interest to very many beyond professional circles. In the hurry and worry of modern life a very great nervous strain is brought upon all active workers. The chapters on Mind Stress, Heredity, the Borderland of Insanity, Crime and Responsibility, on what the doctor calls "Narcomania," resulting from the abuse of narcotics, and on Dipsomania, or chronic alcoholism, are full of solemn warning and wise counsels to all having the training of youth and the restriction and suppression of drunkenness and crime. This book is not a mere technical treatise, but of wide interest to the general reader. It is written in Dr. Clark's well-known attractive style. The remarks on medical jurisprudence and legal points in relation to insanity and crime are exceedingly suggestive and helpful.

Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B. By D. B. READ, Q.C. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Price, $1.50.

It is gratifying to notice the steady growth of the Methodist Book and Publishing House. Its December issues surpassed in number and importance those of any other publishing house in the Dominion. F. G. Scott's fine volume of poems we reviewed in January number. Dr. Clark's book on Mental Diseases, the Life of Brock, and Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles" are still more notable issues. The life-story of the heroic defender of Canada during the war of 1812, should be familiar as a household tale in every Canadian home. The noble monument which crowns Queenston Heights is a striking memorial of his valour and virtues, but a volume like this is a truer memorial of the man. Mr. Read, who, in his "Life of Governor Simcoe," mastered the history of the period, presents in this handsome volume a vivid record of the brief but heroic career of the darling hero of Upper Canada.

Pearls and Pebbles; or, Notes of an Old Naturalist. By CATHARINE PARR TRAILL. With biographical sketch by MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Price, $1.50.

The issue of a book by a writer in her ninety-third year is almost a unique event in literature. The long and happy life of Mrs. Traill takes us back to the times when George III. was king. It was a remarkably gifted family—that of the Stricklands, including the accomplished writers of "The History of the Queens of England," and Mrs. Susanna Moody and Mrs. Traill—who made Canada the scene and theme of their literary labours. Mrs. Traill's "Studies of Plant Life" has won her scientific recognition in two continents. The present sketches illustrate many aspects of Canadian life, some of extreme pathos, as "The First Death in the Clearing" and "Alone in the Forest," but some of them are charming studies in the varied aspect of field and forest life. To the moral effect of such studies Mr. Hughes bears tribute in an article in this MAGAZINE. It is a cheerful, sunny, devout spirit, that looks from Nature up to Nature's God, that speaks to us in these pages and that is expressed in the photograph and fac-simile letter that accompany this volume, and is presented on page 158.

History of British Columbia, from its Earliest Discovery to the Present Time. By ALEXANDER BEGG, C.C., F.R.C.I. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.00.

A still larger and more costly book than those just noticed is Mr. Begg's very full and comprehensive history of British Columbia. No other one of the provinces of the Dominion has so complete and exhaustive a history. It fills nearly 600 closely-printed pages, and is embellished by 118 portraits or other engravings. Mr. Begg discusses fully the romantic fur-trading period, the overland journeys of Mackenzie and Sir George Simpson, Vancouver's explorations, the story of the colonial and federation period. The resources of forest, mine and fishery are fully set forth. The condition of the native races and the missionary work of the various churches, the story of Metlahkatlah, of the labours of Dr. Evans, Messrs. Robson, Lucas, White, Browning, Crosby, and other faithful Methodist missionaries, are all described. The story is brought down to the death of Sir John Thompson. This book should find a warm welcome, not only in British Columbia, but in every province in the Dominion.

Pictures from Bohemia, drawn with pen and pencil by JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S., with map and 108 illustrations. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Quarto. Price, $2.50.

The Pen and Pencil Series of the Religious Tract Society has now covered the most notable countries of the Old World and the New. None of them, however, treats a region of more romantic and historic interest than these "Pictures from Bohemia." The memories of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, of Tycho Brahe and Ziska, of Wallenstein and Tilly, of the Hussite and Thirty Years' Wars, would give interest to a less picturesque country. But the scenery of the Elbe and Moldau, and the Bohemian highlands, and the architecture of their quaint old castles, churches and mediæval towns are among the most picturesque in Europe. Our own memories of Bohemia, and especially of Prague, the Moldau and the Elbe, are revived by these pages, for which we must reserve fuller review. The noble story of the Protestant Reformation in Bohemia, a story of which the world will never grow tired, is well re-told by Prof. Baker.

At Last. By MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

We have reviewed at length elsewhere Mrs. Lauder's latest volume. We have only space to note here its strong local colouring, the scene being laid largely in Toronto, although parts of it—and these by no means the least interesting—have their scene in Great Britain and the sunny rivers of France and Italy. Mrs. Lauder's long residence abroad and familiarity with the languages and literature of Southern and Central Europe, enable her to give a very vivid picture of the scenery and society of that fascinating region. The book is instinct with a strong religious spirit and advocacy of temperance reform.

Religious Progress. By ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

These lectures were read before the

Divinity School of Yale University in 1894. They discuss, first, religious progress in the experience of the individual; and, second, in the organic life of the Church. We all believe the former, for spiritual growth is the very law of spiritual life. The history of the Church and reconciliation of hostile attitudes in theology are an evidence of the latter. "There are ever new unfoldings of spiritual life, and in the matchless life of our Lord the Church is ever discovering new beauty and new power. In this," says Prof. Allen, "lies our hope, that Christ is beginning to live in the modern Church as he has not yet lived since he walked the earth in human form."

The Power of an Endless Life. By THOS. C. HALL. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

The author of these sermons is pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago. The sermons bear the form of direct appeal suited to the spoken word. They look beyond the form of godliness to the power thereof, and express the conviction that "more deeply than ever must organized Christianity enter into the secrets of our Lord and King, and learn from Christ the power of an endless life." The author gives striking examples of the impulsive type of Christianity in Peter, the intellectual type in Paul, the ethical type in James, and the mystic type in John; but looks beyond them all to the perfect type in Christ Himself.

COMFORT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THE long, long days would be dreary,
And the restless nights so sad,
Were it not for a thought of comfort sweet,
That has made my spirit glad.

And this is the thought most precious:
That a loving, unseen Friend
Is tirelessly watching over me,
And will till my life shall end.

So close, oh, so close beside me
Doth this veiled Presence stand—
It seems sometimes I can almost feel
The soothing touch of a Hand.

And the days when I am weakest
Are the days He draws most near,
And whispers low, to my weary heart,
His tenderest words of cheer.

Some day, some day I shall see Him—
He will bid the veil remove,
And bear me away in His own dear arms
To the glorious Home above.

TORONTO, Ont.

WHITE ROBES.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

WE speak of garments glistening white,
And hope those stainless robes to wear
Soon as we reach the realms of light,
Where all is pure and fair.

But not for that alone He came,
Our Jesus, strong to save and bless,
His was the cross, the bitter shame,
Ours is His holiness.

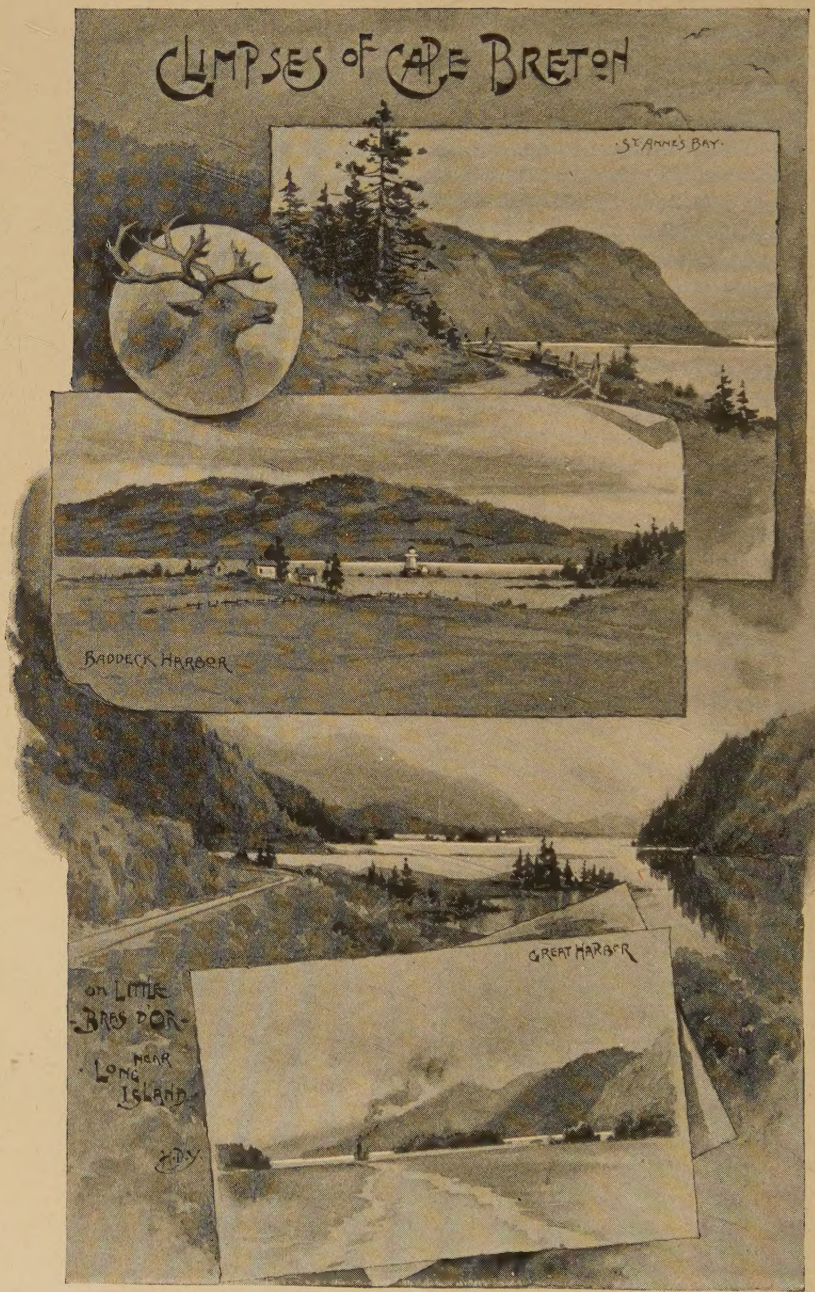
And in this sin-soiled world, may we—
Though fierce the foe, and hard the fight—
Share in His perfect purity,
And walk with Him in white.

Teach us to know Thee as Thou art,
Jesus, a present Saviour, Thou,
And let us claim a spotless heart,
And wear our white robes now.

VICTORIA, B.C.

O THOU, whom we call our Sheltering Rock,
Safe, safe in Thy care we lie,
Cradled and glad, though the storm may mock,
And the clouds come over our sky.
Sin may not touch us, nor sorrow harm,
Helpless they rage at Thy feet,
While we rest in the strength of Thy circling arm,
With confidence blessedly sweet.

—*A. Clarke.*


GLIMPSES OF CAPE BRETON
ST. ANNES BAY
BADDECK HARBOR
ON LITTLE BRAS D'OR NEAR LONG ISLAND
GREAT HARBOR